

Echoes of Awareness

— Series 3

*Meditative Reflections on
Choiceless Awareness*



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Preface

These reflections are not teachings, doctrines, or methods.

They are simply meditative observations — pointing toward the ending of conflict, of becoming, of the illusion of self.

In the direct seeing of what is, there may arise a stillness beyond effort, beyond time — where the sacred whispers.

This book is an invitation to observe, to be with the movement of thought, to see its nature, and to allow the timeless flame of pure awareness to reveal itself.

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Introduction

These meditations are not conclusions, not paths to follow, not truths to be memorized.

They are mirrors—inviting the mind to look, to observe its own movement, its fears, its desires, its endless becoming.

In the simple act of seeing—without judgment, without escape, without the intrusion of thought—there may arise a stillness that is not created by effort.

In that stillness, beyond all seeking and becoming, the sacred reveals itself.

The ending of conflict is not in the future; it is now, in the total ending of psychological time.

Let these words fade, for truth is not in words.

What matters is the silent flame of direct perception, here, now—where life, in its vast wholeness, simply is.

Part I: Reflections into Silence

The Movement of Thought and the Quiet Beyond

1. Thought-Free Living: A Meditative Inquiry into the Brain and the Silence Beyond

In an age saturated with stimulation, where the mind is ceaselessly occupied with images, memories, desires, and fears, the question arises: *Can the mind be still?* Not momentarily distracted or controlled into silence, but truly quiet—without compulsion, without motive. Recent discoveries in neuroscience are now echoing what sages have long intuited: that in the cessation of thought, even momentarily, there is a release—a deep clarity untouched by time and memory.

The Weight of Thought

Thought, as Krishnamurti often said, is the response of memory. It is the past in motion—the residue of experience, knowledge, and accumulated impressions. The brain, especially its prefrontal and associative regions, is constantly engaged in recalling, projecting, measuring, comparing. This is the domain of the *default mode network*—a field of neural activity that becomes dominant when the mind is not engaged in purposeful action. Here, in this restless psychological movement, lies the root of much human conflict: the burden of becoming, the fragmentation of the self, the fear of what is not yet.

Modern research links this constant mental activity to emotional disturbance: anxiety, depression, and compulsive rumination are often not the result of the world, but of the mind's ceaseless commentary about the world. We are not disturbed by what *is*, but by what we *think* about it.

The Silence Between Thoughts

But is there a way of being where thought has its place, yet does not dominate? Where perception is immediate—without the shadow of the past? Contemplative traditions, and now neuroscience, point to the possibility of such states.

Studies using functional MRI scans have revealed that during deep meditative absorption, the habitual activity of the DMN diminishes. Instead, areas of the brain associated with direct awareness—like the dorsal anterior cingulate cortex—light up. This corresponds with what Krishnamurti called *choiceless awareness*—a state in which the observer and the observed are not two, and the mind is utterly awake yet completely still.

In such states, people report not merely relaxation, but an expansive presence—a freedom from the known. It is not that thought is forcibly silenced, but that it becomes unnecessary. The mind, no longer agitated by the movement of becoming, enters into a profound silence. This silence is not the opposite of noise, nor a product of control. It is the natural flowering of understanding.

The Danger of Discipline and the Beauty of Insight

Here lies a paradox. Thought cannot end thought. Any effort to suppress, control, or discipline thought is itself the movement of thought. Krishnamurti warned against all

systems of mental training, for they inevitably create resistance, division, and conflict. Instead, he pointed to effortless observation—seeing without the seer. Not *how* to be free of thought, but *seeing the truth* of what thought is, and in that seeing, letting it fall away naturally.

Neuroscience now validates what the ancient seers and Krishnamurti proclaimed: that openness, non-judgmental awareness, and inward observation lead to neural integration, emotional balance, and the calming of unnecessary mental noise.

Toward the Unknown

To live without the tyranny of thought is not to become blank or passive. It is to be intensely alive, free from the conditioning that thought imposes. Though we may not live in that state permanently, even brief moments of it carry immense clarity. Like windows opening into the vastness of life, these glimpses can transform our very brain—restructuring neural pathways, releasing us from habitual reactivity.

As Krishnamurti said, “When the mind is utterly quiet, not seeking, not pursuing, not resisting—then that which is sacred comes into being.”

Such is the promise of thought-free living: not a goal to be attained, but a discovery that unfolds in the very act of seeing.

2. Thought-Free Living: Where Ancient Insight Meets Modern Neuroscience

In a world shaped by noise — not only external, but the inward chattering of thought — we seldom ask if the mind can ever be truly still. Not momentarily distracted, nor artificially silenced by will, but *free* from the constant movement of naming, judging, and measuring. Is there a state in which perception is immediate, untouched by the past, unmediated by the machinery of thought?

This question was at the heart of Jiddu Krishnamurti's lifelong inquiry. For him, thought is never free — it is always a movement from the known, a response of memory, a shadow cast by experience.

“Thought is never new. Thought is old because thought is the response of memory, experience, knowledge.”
— *J. Krishnamurti, 1969*

He did not advocate the rejection of thought as a tool, but pointed to its limitations — its fragmentary nature, its tendency to divide, its incapacity to touch the whole. And in that understanding arises the possibility of *choiceless awareness* — a seeing without the seeker, a listening without the listener, where the mind is silent and yet intensely awake.

Thought as Fragmentation

Modern neuroscience, in its own tentative language, now begins to echo what Krishnamurti observed through direct perception. The brain's *default mode network* (DMN) — associated with self-referential thinking, time-travel of memory and anticipation, and habitual rumination — mirrors what Krishnamurti called the "movement of the 'me'."

It is not the world that disturbs us, but the image-making machinery of thought. And when this DMN becomes excessively active, as neuroscience shows, it correlates with anxiety, depression, and obsessive suffering. The scientific lens thus begins to uncover what Krishnamurti saw with clarity: *that the self, the thinker, is the very root of conflict.*

The Silence of Direct Perception

Krishnamurti would often pose a subtle challenge: Can you look at a flower, a cloud, or your own sorrow, without naming it? Without the screen of words, opinions, or conclusions? That is, can there be perception without the past?

Such a moment of perception is silence. Not cultivated silence, not the outcome of discipline, but a silence that comes naturally when the brain ceases its habitual response of labelling and classifying.

Modern research into mindfulness and open monitoring practices supports this possibility. Imaging studies show that as awareness returns to the present — to breath, sensation, or sound — the DMN quiets, and other regions of the brain, associated with alertness and immediate attention, become active. Here, neuroscience touches the threshold of what Krishnamurti described as the “emptying of consciousness of its content” — a state of stillness without effort.

The Futility of Control

But this stillness cannot be achieved by seeking it. That is the central paradox. Any effort to reach silence is itself noise. Any motive to end thought is still within the field of thought. The desire to become silent is a projection of the same movement one wishes to transcend.

Krishnamurti was unwavering in this insight:

“The seeing *is* the doing. The very perception of the fact *is* the ending of it.”

Modern cognitive science now confirms what he observed: that suppression of thought through effort only intensifies it. The more you resist a thought, the more power it gains. But when there is no resistance — only attention, alert and passive — thought subsides. Not because it was pushed away, but because it is no longer needed.

This is the art of observation without the observer — the effortless effort of meditative living.

Freedom from the Known

Krishnamurti’s teachings were never about attaining a future state. He spoke of ending, not becoming. Freedom, he insisted, is not at the end of a path, but at the very beginning — in the first step, which is the last step.

In the total cessation of psychological movement, in that inward emptiness, arises a new intelligence — not born of analysis or comparison. He called this *insight* — a perception that is immediate, whole, and transformative.

Neuroscience hints that such states, sustained over time, may alter the brain’s very structure — creating new patterns, new relationships. But this is not the concern of a truly meditative mind. For it seeks not results, but understanding. It seeks not to become something, but to see what is, wholly.

A Meeting Without Distance

Thus, in this silent convergence of ancient insight and modern inquiry, we are offered a profound invitation — not

to accumulate more knowledge, but to observe more deeply.
Not to become thought-free, but to see the nature of thought.
And in that very seeing, let it end.

To live without the burden of becoming, without the image
of “what should be,” is to live in freedom — in that sacred
space where attention flowers and the known falls away.

Such living is not a method, not a technique, not a promise
of future reward. It is the timeless now — discovered only
when the mind no longer seeks.

The Ending of Time and Becoming

3. If all existence is in constant movement — flowing, dissolving, never still — how can the mind, which is born of time, nourished by memory, sustained by recognition, ever touch that which has no beginning and no end?

The mind functions in the field of the known, moving from one memory to another, from one recognition to the next. It names, measures, compares, and divides. This movement is time — the continuity of thought projecting itself from the past into the future.

But that which is timeless cannot be approached through the known. It is not an extension of yesterday. It holds no image, no form, no name.

The very act of seeking it is the movement of becoming, which belongs to time.

When the mind sees this — not as an idea, but as an actuality — there is a quiet cessation of its restless movement. The seeker disappears, the becoming ends.

In that stillness, where there is neither the observer nor the observed, the timeless is.

It is not something to be attained, but something that is revealed when all accumulation ceases — when the mind is empty of the known, and the heart is free of desire.

4. Jiddu Krishnamurti argued that thought is the root of psychological conflict because it is inherently divisive, limited, and conditioned by past experiences. He emphasized that thought is a product of memory, knowledge, and time—tools that are necessary in the practical world but inadequate for addressing the complexities of human emotion, identity, and relationships.

Key Points on Thought and Psychological Conflict:

1. Thought creates the self: According to Krishnamurti, the “self” or ego is a mental construct formed by thought through identification with memories, possessions, beliefs, and experiences. This sense of a separate self leads to fear, desire, and comparison—sources of internal conflict.
2. Thought operates in time: Thought divides experience into past, present, and future, creating psychological time (e.g., “I will be better someday”). This projection breeds anxiety, regret, and hope, rather than direct perception and understanding.
3. Conflict arises from fragmentation: Thought fragments reality into opposing ideas (e.g., good vs. bad, me vs. you). This fragmentation—internally and externally—results in contradiction, confusion, and struggle.

Moving Beyond Thought and Conflict:

Krishnamurti proposed not a system or method, but direct insight through choiceless awareness:

1. Observe without judgment: He advocated watching thoughts, feelings, and actions as they arise, without trying to change or suppress them. This awareness is not thought-based but a direct, silent observation.

2. End the observer-observed division: When the observer is seen as part of the observed (i.e., when you realize the observer is a construct of thought), duality dissolves and so does internal conflict.
3. Freedom comes through understanding, not effort: Trying to control or escape thought merely reinforces it. Krishnamurti held that true freedom comes from insight—a deep perception into the nature of thought itself, which brings about spontaneous transformation.

In essence, Krishnamurti saw psychological conflict as a byproduct of the misuse of thought and believed that true peace and clarity arise not from controlling thought, but from deeply understanding and moving beyond its limitations through attentive, non-reactive awareness.

5. Dying Is Living

To live peacefully, without conflict, is to be free from the burdens of the past — the accumulated memories, hurts, beliefs, and experiences that condition our perception.

The “known” is the past — not just factual memory, but psychological residue: the self-image, the stories we tell ourselves, the conclusions we have drawn. This past is projected into the present through thought, and thus distorts perception. We do not see the present; we see what we think the present should be.

Krishnamurti asks us to die to the known — not at the end of life, but now, moment to moment. This death is not physical. It is the ending of psychological continuity — the “me,” the observer who carries forward memory and fear, ambition and sorrow.

This dying is not sorrowful; it is a radical inner freedom.

To die to yesterday is to meet today fresh, without the burden of what has been. In this dying, there is no becoming, no comparison, no accumulation. It is the end of time — psychological time — which is the root of fear and conflict.

Thus, dying is living. And living is dying — not in despair, but in the freedom of the new, the immeasurable, the sacred. When the mind dies to the known, it is no longer seeking, no longer struggling to become something else. In that silence, there is clarity, and in that clarity, there is love — not born of thought, not dependent on memory.

This is the beauty of dying while living — the ending of the self, and the beginning of truth.

The Illusion of Self and the Discovery of Wholeness

6. I look at the facts either from silence or from the centre called ‘me’.

When I observe through the movement of the illusory self — this accumulation of memories, experiences, and identifications — my perception becomes distorted.

Through this distortion arises conflict, sorrow, and division — bringing pain not only to myself but also to others. The very existence of life, which is inseparable from the vast movement of the universe, is disrupted by this fragmentation.

The self is not a reality; it is a construction of thought — a bundle of memories, fears, desires, and attachments projected as continuity. As long as I look at life through this centre, everything is divided into ‘mine’ and ‘yours’, into gains and losses, into becoming and not becoming.

But when this movement of the self is seen for what it is — an illusion sustained by thought and time — there arises a profound silence, a stillness without the observer.

In that silence, one sees that life is whole, indivisible.

There are no separate fragments, no isolated entities struggling for survival or success.

There is neither gain nor loss, because in wholeness there is no measure, no comparison.

You are not apart from life; you are life itself — a movement of the whole, not separate from the stars, the earth, or the flow of existence.

To realize this is not an intellectual conclusion, but an awakening into a sacred dimension where conflict ends and love, without opposite, flowers.

7. Scientific Reflection: Choiceless Awareness and the Brain

In the teachings of Jiddu Krishnamurti, choiceless awareness stands as the heart of meditative living: a state of observation free from judgment, analysis, and the interference of thought. In this pure seeing, there is neither the observer nor the observed; only perception remains, whole and undivided.

For centuries, such insights belonged to the language of inward exploration. But now, certain findings in neuroscience allow us to glimpse, in the language of the brain, reflections of what Krishnamurti pointed toward.

The Default Mode Network and the Burden of the Self

Modern neuroscience has identified in the brain a system called the Default Mode Network (DMN) — a network most active when the mind is engaged in self-referential thought: remembering the past, projecting into the future, constructing identity, and narrating the ongoing story of 'me.'

The DMN underlies the very movement of psychological time — the endless becoming, comparison, and evaluation that Krishnamurti described as the activity of the self.

When this network is hyperactive, studies reveal strong correlations with anxiety, rumination, depression, and inner conflict — the same symptoms that arise from psychological fragmentation.

The Suspension of the Self in Meditative Awareness

In certain meditative states, particularly those resembling open monitoring or non-directive meditation, researchers have observed a marked deactivation of the DMN.

In these moments, the brain is not fixated on self-referential processing. There is awareness — alert, expansive, and present — without identification, without effort to control. The self recedes; observation remains.

Though neuroscience speaks in the language of functional connectivity and neural activity, this suspension of self-centred processing reflects Krishnamurti's fundamental insight: when the observer ceases to interfere, choiceless awareness remains.

Perception Without the Filter of Thought

Krishnamurti emphasized that thought is never free — it is conditioned, limited, and always rooted in the past. Neuroscience, too, recognizes that perception is constantly shaped by top-down processing — where the brain's prior beliefs, expectations, and stored memories shape what is seen and experienced.

In choiceless awareness, this habitual filtering quiets. The brain moves toward a bottom-up openness — perception is direct, unmediated by the projections of memory.

This state may correspond to neural patterns observed in long-term meditators, where increased activity in sensory networks coincides with decreased activity in narrative, evaluative centres.

The Ending of Psychological Time

Krishnamurti's most radical insight was the ending of psychological time — the cessation of becoming, of the mind projecting itself into a future state.

Neuroscientific research on present-centred awareness shows that, as the brain shifts away from DMN dominance,

there is a heightened integration of here-and-now sensory experience. There is no anticipation, no regret, no striving — only presence.

This timeless presence is not the absence of time in a physical sense, but the ending of psychological measurement — the cessation of the mind's habitual fragmentation across past and future.

The Whole Is the Sacred

Science can describe certain patterns, but it cannot touch the essence of what Krishnamurti called the sacred — that which arises when the self has ended, when the mind stands still, and life is seen as one undivided whole.

The dissolution of psychological division, reflected both in neural quietness and in silent observation, may open the mind to a dimension beyond thought altogether — the immeasurable.

Recent studies suggest that the Default Mode Network (DMN)—a brain system active during self-referential thinking, mind-wandering, and narrative construction—goes quiet during states of deep presence. This aligns with Krishnamurti's insight: when the “me,” the psychological structure of thought, is not active, the mind is silent yet fully alert.

Neuroimaging shows that mindfulness and open-monitoring meditation reduce DMN activity and enhance connectivity in networks associated with present-centred awareness. While Krishnamurti did not advocate traditional techniques, his emphasis on direct observation without control resonates with what neuroscience now calls "meta-awareness" or "non-conceptual cognition."

Choiceless awareness is not a neurological state alone—it is the living act of perception without the observer. But seeing that the brain is capable of such a shift—when freed from conditioning and identification—supports the possibility of a life lived without psychological conflict.

Here, the ancient insight and modern science gently meet:
In the ending of self-centred activity, there may arise that sacred flame which is beyond the brain, beyond time — the vastness that simply is.

A Final Note

Neuroscience offers glimpses; meditation offers the living actuality.

What matters is not the description, but the seeing.

The truth of choiceless awareness is not in theory — but in direct perception, here and now.

8. Insight into the Whole — Not the Fragment

Human society, with all its divisions, conflicts, contradictions, and chaos, appears to many as an unsolvable maze. Politics, religion, economics, personal ambition, fear, violence, sorrow — each thread seems tangled in another, and the more one tries to pull at a single strand, the tighter the knot appears to grow. So, many thinkers, intellectuals, reformers say: “It is too complex. Perhaps no one can solve it. At best, let us reform a part, manage a sector, mend a piece.”

But Krishnamurti points to something radically different. He says that trying to resolve this complexity piecemeal is the very reason the disorder continues. Tackling one part — the economic inequality, for instance — without addressing ambition, comparison, fear, or the structure of thought that sustains division, becomes yet another conditioned action. It only reinforces the same pattern in a different form.

He invites us not to approach the problem fragmentarily — not as economists, politicians, psychologists, or spiritual seekers — but to look holistically. And that wholeness is not arrived at by accumulation, by analysis, or by putting together the fragments. It is seen in an instant — through insight, not through time.

Krishnamurti says:

“Insight is not the movement of thought. It is the flash that sees the total.”

To have an insight into the whole means to see that the observer is the observed, that the problem is not out there, in society, in institutions — but is also in me. The world is what

it is because of what each of us is — inwardly. My greed, my comparison, my ambition, my desire for security and identity — this is what builds the world. Without understanding this, no social reform will bring peace.

Insight into the whole reveals the truth that fragmentation itself is the root of disorder — the separation between “me” and “you,” between the thinker and the thought, the experiencer and the experience. And unless there is a total perception — where the mind is still, alert, without direction or motive — we will continue to live in confusion, seeking partial solutions that breed further problems.

So, Krishnamurti is not proposing a method, nor giving a solution. He is saying:

See the whole of human existence — not analytically, not intellectually, but with deep, choiceless awareness.

Only such seeing brings clarity. And clarity is the action.

9. The Illusion of the Separate Life:

Life is not personal. It is not my life or your life. It is not Hindu or Muslim, Indian or European. Life is simply life—unbounded, undivided, immeasurable. It is existence unfolding moment by moment in stillness and vastness. But the human mind, shaped by centuries of identification and conditioning, has lost sight of this wholeness.

In its pure form, life is choiceless awareness—a movement without resistance, without centre, without direction. But something went wrong along the way. Whether we call it a misstep in evolution or a necessary by-product of survival, at some point the psychological self—the “me” built by thought—emerged. From that moment, the fragmentation began.

Thought, which has its rightful place in the physical and technological realms, overstepped. It began to organize our inner world: our fears, hopes, memories, and desires. It created the “I” as the experiencer and the “you” as the other. It separated the observer from the observed, the thinker from thought, the doer from the deed. In this division, conflict was born.

Jiddu Krishnamurti unceasingly pointed to this central fact:

“The thinker is the thought. The observer is the observed.”

But the human being, conditioned to operate in duality, resists this insight. We cling to identity, to becoming, to security in images. Thought tells us that life must be “mine,” that progress lies in becoming something—more spiritual, more successful, more perfect. Yet this movement of

becoming is the very cause of sorrow. It projects a future in opposition to what is, and in that contradiction, suffering takes root.

Many argue that without the desire to become, there would be no progress. But Krishnamurti dismantles this belief. What we call progress—technological, material, or social—may improve comfort, but it does not solve the inner problem of fear, violence, and sorrow. In fact, the inner disorder only becomes more sophisticated. Without deep psychological change, the world remains as it is—chaotic, divided, brutal.

Krishnamurti's insight is radical and urgent: We do not need more becoming. We need ending.

The ending of division.

The ending of the observer.

The ending of psychological time.

This transformation does not come through effort, nor through practice, nor through any method. It comes through insight—the direct perception of truth. To see the false as false—clearly, completely—is to end it.

When one sees that the self is not an entity apart from thought, but is thought itself—then the entire structure of the ego begins to dissolve. Not gradually, but instantly. Such seeing, according to Krishnamurti, brings about a biological mutation in the brain. A transformation not induced by conditioning or knowledge, but by awareness so total that the brain itself is freed from its repetitive patterns.

This, he says, is the real flowering of human evolution—not through time, not through progress, but through the complete ending of the psychological movement of becoming. In that ending, a new dimension opens—a life that is no longer centred in the “me,” but is one with the vast movement of existence.

Then life is not yours or mine.

It is not a story to be fulfilled or a name to be defended.

It is not a series of achievements or spiritual goals.

It is presence—a sacred unfolding in the eternal now.

Only in such awareness, without effort or direction, does the sacred reveal itself.

And in that, there is peace.

On Sorrow, Conflict, and Compassion

10. The Denial of Escape Without Motive

We are, most of us, caught in contradiction—between what is and what should be, between the fact and the ideal, between fear and the pursuit of security. And in this contradiction arises conflict, and from conflict comes the habitual urge to escape.

We escape through distractions, beliefs, entertainments, ideologies, and even through spiritual pursuits. Thought is ever-ready to find a way out of the discomfort of what is. It does not want to face sorrow directly, so it seeks explanations. It does not want to meet fear as it arises, so it turns to gods, doctrines, or escapes into planning, comparing, justifying.

But Krishnamurti asks something radical—not to escape at all. Not by controlling escape, not by replacing it with another escape, but by seeing the entire mechanism of escape clearly and completely.

And this is the key:

Can one deny escape not with a motive, but because one sees the utter futility of it?

To deny something without motive is to be free of will, of reward, of punishment. It is to see—directly, factually, without the screen of thought—that escape is meaningless, that it sustains the very conflict we are trying to be free of.

To see this is not an intellectual act. It is not to accept a new idea and suppress the old. It is to have a total perception—to be so fully present with the fact of fear, pain, or contradiction that the mind does not move away from it. It simply sees. And in that seeing, escape falls away.

That clarity is not born from discipline or renunciation. It comes when the mind is still, when the observer is not separate from the thing observed. Then there is no movement toward pleasure, no flight from pain—only the fact, and the freedom of being with it without any resistance.

In that choiceless awareness,
there is no motive,
no conflict,
and therefore—no escape.

Only truth remains.

11. Freedom from sorrow

We have suffered a great deal. Human beings have endured sorrow for centuries — wars, loss, disease, betrayal, loneliness, death. One would think that such immense collective pain might awaken a deep transformation in us, a radical change in our way of living and perceiving. But it has not.

On the contrary, sorrow has often become a habit. Instead of opening us to the immensity of life, it contracts us. Instead of bringing about compassion, it hardens the walls around the self. In our pain, we withdraw further into ourselves, cherishing our wounds, building an identity around them. We become more self-centred, more enclosed, more anxious to protect our small circle of existence.

We say, “I have suffered, my grief is unique, my sorrow must be guarded.” And in that guarding, we isolate ourselves from the vastness of existence, from the simple fact that life is an interconnected whole.

Sorrow should make us tender, more open, more vulnerable to the suffering of others — but it rarely does. Instead, it breeds self-pity, an obsessive concern with our own little miseries. We cling to them, repeat them in our minds, feed them with thought, and in doing so, we strengthen the “me” — that centre which separates and divides.

True freedom from sorrow does not come through suppression or escape, nor through idealizing some distant future where suffering no longer exists. It comes only through direct, choiceless observation of sorrow as it arises — seeing it without a narrative, without resistance, without any movement to become or to avoid.

When there is such seeing, without the observer who names and judges, sorrow reveals its true nature. It is not “my” sorrow or “your” sorrow; it is the sorrow of humanity. In that perception, there is no longer a centre strengthening itself through pain; there is only pure perception of “what is.”

In that clear seeing, sorrow ends. Not as a gradual process, not as a goal to be achieved, but as an instantaneous flowering of understanding. And in that ending, there is compassion — not cultivated, not practiced, but arising naturally, as a fragrance from the flower.

Then life is no longer a series of wounds and escapes. It is a vast movement, sacred and whole, where each moment stands alone, complete, and free from the past.

The Unknowable Nothingness

12. Observe as life

Observe the person before you not through the veil of the images you have built — not as the friend, the enemy, the colleague, the betrayer, or the beloved. These images are the past: they are formed from memories, wounds, comparisons, and accumulated experiences. They are projections of thought, and as long as you see through them, you do not truly see the living human being at all.

When you meet another with an image, you are not in relationship with that person but only with your own mental constructions. You reduce a living presence — something immeasurable, alive, sacred — to a fixed idea. This reduction is the very root of conflict. Where there is an image, there is separation; where there is separation, there is comparison, judgment, expectation — and inevitably, conflict.

But if you can observe another as life itself — not as “my son,” “my enemy,” “my patient,” “my teacher” — but simply as life, vibrant and moving, then something extraordinary happens. In that observation without image, you realize that life in the other is the same movement as life in you.

When you see without the dividing screen of thought, there is no “you” and “me” in the psychological sense. There is only the flow of life, the one movement expressing itself in different forms. In that seeing, there is no fragmentation. The observer and the observed cease to exist as separate entities; there is only the pure act of perception, the wholeness of being.

Then there is no conflict. Conflict arises only when there is division — when the “me” wants something different from the “you.” When that division is absent, there is no ground for conflict to take root.

In that state, you are no longer a separate fragment fighting against other fragments. You are the whole. The life that animates the tree, the bird, the neighbour, and yourself is a single undivided movement.

To see another as life, free of image, is not a cultivated attitude or a moral ideal. It is the natural outcome of choiceless awareness — an awareness that does not name, compare, or interpret.

In that awareness, there is compassion — not as a practice, but as a natural perfume of seeing the truth. The mind that sees in this way is quiet, attentive, and open. It is a mind in which love is not a word, but a living reality.

13. You are nothing.

You are absolutely nothing — not in the sense of despair or negation, but as the pure fact of your being. This “nothingness” is not a philosophical abstraction to be grasped by thought, nor is it something to be achieved through effort. It is the simple, direct realization that inwardly, you are not the images, the memories, the accumulations of experience which thought has carefully constructed over time.

Thought has built an edifice — an image of you: your name, your qualities, your successes, your failures, your hopes and fears. Over this absolute nothingness, emptiness, thought has projected the idea of a self, a centre, a continuous entity. But this is a movement of illusion, a fragment of memory calling itself the “me.” You are not a thing of thought. You are thought-free awareness without accumulation. You are a living presence in choiceless awareness.

When there is the deep seeing of this fact — not as an idea, but as an immediate perception — there is an emptiness that is not to be filled. This emptiness is not barren; it is not void in the ordinary sense. It is an immensity, a space in which there is no centre, no observer.

In this nothingness, in this choiceless awareness, the mind is free from becoming, from comparing, from measuring. It is in a state of meditation — not the meditation of method or repetition, but a living, vibrant stillness. In that state, you are simply a part of nature: the tree, the bird, the cloud, the whispering breeze. There is no division between you and what is.

There is no longer “you” as a separate entity acting upon life. There is only life in its vast movement, expressing itself

without the interference of the self. This is not something attributable to you as an achievement or a possession. It cannot be claimed or held, for in the very attempt to grasp it, it is lost.

To be nothing is the highest form of intelligence, the greatest freedom. In that nothingness, there is love, there is compassion, and there is the sacredness of life that cannot be touched by thought.

The Irreconcilable Divide

14. There is an immense, quiet demand deep within us — a longing for something beyond time, beyond measure, beyond the restless movement of thought. This is not a desire born of craving or ambition, but a profound, timeless call to touch that which is sacred, immeasurable, unnameable.

We live in a world dominated by technology, and technology is entirely of time. It is born of thought, perfected through analysis, measurement, and accumulation of knowledge. In this world, everything is quantified, compared, and endlessly improved — always becoming something more, something better.

But inwardly, is there such a thing as becoming? Can truth be approached through time? Can love, compassion, or that deep inward silence be cultivated through effort, step by step, as we perfect a machine?

Krishnamurti would say no. The sacred cannot be approached through the path of time, because time itself is a construct of thought — the past projecting into the future. When we seek the timeless through the tools of time, we remain forever trapped in the same field, moving in circles.

So, we ask: Can these two — the world of technology and the timeless inward movement — flow together? Only when the mind understands its own limitations, its own conditioned responses, does it become completely quiet. In that stillness, there is no longer the movement of becoming, of seeking an ideal, of chasing a future.

Unless this deep insight takes place, man will forever be caught in technology — not merely external technology, but

the psychological technology of self-improvement, of methods, of systems to reach so-called enlightenment.

This is not a question of reconciling opposites, for you cannot reconcile the irreconcilable. The timeless and the temporal belong to different dimensions. The sacred cannot be brought into the world of thought, nor can thought ever touch the sacred.

To see this fact clearly — not merely intellectually, but as a living truth — is to be free. In that freedom, technology has its place as a tool, but it does not invade the heart. Then, life can be lived with clarity and simplicity, and the mind can know what it means to be still, to be completely attentive, to be in a state of choiceless awareness.

In that state, there is no conflict, no fragmentation, no struggle to become. There is only what is — a direct perception of truth, beyond all measure and beyond all time.

What would Jiddu Krishnamurti say?

The dialogues presented here are imagined explorations, inspired by Krishnamurti's teachings. They are not literal statements from him, but an attempt to convey the spirit of his inquiry and insight in a conversational form.

15. What would Jiddu Krishnamurti whisper to one who was once held high on the pedestal of success, glittering in the light of wealth and societal respect, but who now walks through the shadows of debt and the harsh judgment of failure? What insights would he offer to help that person see through the fragile veil of image, to awaken to the freedom and beauty of a self beyond all measurement?

He would say:

First, see what is actually happening — not what you think should happen, not what society tells you, but what is. You were once respected because of your status, your wealth, your success. Now, that image has collapsed, and with it comes the pain of losing respect, the fear of judgment, and the burden of debt.

But ask yourself: Who is the “you” that was respected? Was it truly you — a living, moving, feeling human being — or an image built by society, by your own mind, through comparison and achievement?

We live by images: the image of a successful man, a respectable citizen, a wealthy person. And when that image is shattered, we suffer. But the suffering arises because we have identified ourselves with that image; we believe we are that image.

Krishnamurti would say: Can you look at yourself without any image at all? Not as a success or failure, not as someone to be admired or pitied, but simply as you are — **a living presence, beyond labels and judgments.**

The fact is: You are in debt. That is what is. But the psychological suffering, the sense of humiliation, comes from thought comparing what you are now with what you were or what you think you should be.

When you see this clearly, without running away from it, without condemning it, there is freedom. In that freedom, there is energy to act, to respond intelligently to the situation — not from guilt, fear, or shame, but from clarity.

Krishnamurti might also gently remind: You are not your bank account. You are not your investments. You are not the social image others have projected onto you. All these are external shells, transient and impermanent.

When the mind ceases to cling to these illusions, it discovers an inner richness that no outer success can provide. A mind that is free from comparison and measurement can face any challenge, including debt, with a quiet mind and an open heart.

So, he would not offer comfort in the traditional sense, nor advice on how to regain wealth or respect. Instead, he would invite you to see the truth of your psychological dependence on status, and in seeing it, to be free of it.

Then, life — even with its debts and losses — can be met with dignity, clarity, and compassion, without the burden of the past weighing upon the present.

A Dialogue form on Image, Failure, and Freedom

Person: I cannot escape this feeling of failure. The respect I once had is gone. I feel as though I have lost everything that defined me.

Krishnamurti: Let us go slowly, very slowly. You say you feel you have lost everything that defined you. What were those things?

Person: My reputation, my professional success, my financial stability, the admiration of colleagues and friends.

Krishnamurti: So, your identity was built upon these things — reputation, success, wealth, and admiration. Correct?

Person: Yes, exactly.

Krishnamurti: And now that these things are gone, you feel empty, worthless.

Person: That's exactly it. I feel invisible, like I no longer exist.

Krishnamurti: Let us look closely at that. You say you no longer exist. But is your existence truly dependent on what others think of you? On external achievements? On wealth?

Person: I know it shouldn't be, but in reality, that's how it feels.

Krishnamurti: Yes, because from childhood we are conditioned to believe that our value lies in becoming something — in accumulating titles, wealth, in being admired. Society has trained you, rewarded you when you

achieved, and punished you when you failed. Your mind has been shaped to depend on this external measurement.

Person: That's true. But I can't help feeling ashamed.

Krishnamurti: Shame is the result of comparison — comparing what you are now with what you or others think you should be. When you say, “I should have been successful, I should not have failed,” you are dividing yourself. In that division, there is conflict and suffering.

Person: So how do I live without this comparison? It is so deeply ingrained.

Krishnamurti: Begin by observing it. Just watch the movement of thought as it compares, without condemning it, without saying “this is good” or “this is bad.” Simply observe. In that observation, you will see that comparison is a habit of thought. When seen clearly, it begins to lose its hold.

Person: But won't I lose my motivation to improve?

Krishnamurti: Improvement has meaning when it concerns a skill, a craft, or a practical task. But inwardly, psychologically, improvement implies that there is a permanent entity which must become something better. This is an illusion. Inwardly, when there is no comparison, there is immediate understanding of “what is.” And that understanding itself brings about transformation, not the effort to become.

Person: I feel that without my image, I am nothing.

Krishnamurti: Yes. This “nothingness” is what we fear most. But perhaps it is not emptiness in the negative sense. Perhaps it is the true state of the mind — vast, silent, without borders. The mind that is nothing is free.

Person: But others won’t see it that way. They will still judge me.

Krishnamurti: Of course they will. The world lives on measurement. But does it matter? The real question is: Do you want to continue to live as a slave to the opinions of others? Or do you want to live with integrity, with truth, with an inward freedom that is untouched by praise or blame?

Person: It sounds very difficult.

Krishnamurti: It is difficult only because we resist letting go of the known. The known is the image, the past successes, the projections into the future. But when you see the falseness of that deeply, not as an idea but as a fact, there is no struggle. The dropping away of the false happens naturally when seen clearly.

Person: And what happens when I no longer depend on that image?

Krishnamurti: Then there is great energy. That energy was previously wasted in protecting, maintaining, and defending the image. Without that burden, you are free to act, to meet life directly, without fear. You can look at your debts, at your responsibilities, without guilt or self-pity. There is clarity, and from that clarity comes intelligent action.

Person: But society still needs me to “be someone.”

Krishnamurti: Yes, society wants you to fit into a pattern — to be a success, to conform, to uphold its values. But you are not society. You are a living, breathing human being. When you conform outwardly for practical reasons, that is one thing. But inwardly, if you are free, no external pressure can touch your essence.

Person: So, what is my true essence?

Krishnamurti: Your essence is not a fixed thing — not an identity to be sculpted. It is a movement, a living awareness, a state of being that is beyond all words and measurements. When the mind is no longer occupied with becoming, with defending an image, it is naturally still. In that stillness, there is an immense beauty and sacredness.

Person: Sacredness?

Krishnamurti: Yes, sacredness. Not something found in temples or books, not something given by belief or ritual. It is a sacredness that arises when the mind is utterly quiet, without centre, without self. Then life itself is sacred — every leaf, every breath, every moment.

Person: I see glimpses of what you say, but I feel I may lose these insights again.

Krishnamurti: You may, because the mind slips back into old patterns. But each time you observe, each time you see clearly, there is a little more light. The important thing is not to make it into a method or a habit. See each moment anew, as if for the first time.

Person: So, there is no path, no system to follow?

Krishnamurti: Exactly. Systems and methods only strengthen the self, the image. Freedom is not at the end of a path; it is in seeing “what is” directly. The moment you see clearly, there is transformation.

Person: And from there, I can face my debts and my life?

Krishnamurti: Yes. With clarity, you will act intelligently. You may still have to negotiate, plan, work through difficulties. But you will do so without the inner burden of fear and comparison. Life then becomes a movement of learning, not of arriving.

Person: This feels both terrifying and liberating.

Krishnamurti: Yes, it is both. The terror comes from the ending of the known; the liberation is the beginning of true living. If you remain with that, not escaping into explanations or consolations, you will discover a deep, inward freedom that no failure or success can touch.

Person: I feel a deep silence within as I listen.

Krishnamurti: Stay with that silence. Do not make it into a memory or a conclusion. Let it be. In that silence, there is immense intelligence, compassion, and beauty. That is the true revolution.

16. A man feels deeply dissatisfied in his work. He finds no joy or meaning in his daily tasks and lives in a state of quiet depression. What would Jiddu Krishnamurti say to him? How might he guide such a person to understand the roots of this dissatisfaction and to discover a different way of living and working?

Krishnamurti might say:

My friend, let us begin by observing the fact without judgment. You say there is no satisfaction in your work, that you feel depressed, heavy, weary. Can we look at this feeling directly, without trying to escape or to find immediate solutions?

Most people seek satisfaction in their work as a form of fulfilment, as a means to feel secure, or to assert their identity. We are taught from childhood to become something, to succeed, to measure ourselves against others. Work then becomes a means to an end: money, recognition, status.

But in this very search for satisfaction, there lies the seed of sorrow. Because when the mind is always seeking — seeking security, position, pleasure — it is never at rest. It is always comparing, always wanting more, always afraid of losing what it has.

So, the question is not how to find satisfaction in work, but whether the mind can approach work without the demand for satisfaction. Can work be simply an expression of our intelligence, our care, our love — without becoming a means to psychologically assert ourselves?

When the mind is free of the demand for satisfaction, then even the simplest work has a different quality. It is no longer mechanical, no longer a dull routine to escape from. There is a quiet attention, a wholeness in action.

Depression arises when there is conflict — when what you are doing outwardly is in contradiction with what you deeply feel inwardly. Perhaps you are forced by circumstances, by society, by fear. So, understand this contradiction without condemning it. Observe it, go into it deeply.

The real transformation does not lie in changing jobs or seeking new activities, though sometimes practical changes may be necessary. The true change is in seeing the whole structure of desire for satisfaction, and in seeing how thought sustains this structure.

When the mind sees this clearly, there is a release. Then, work becomes simply work — a part of living — without the burden of becoming, without the weight of expectation. In that simplicity, there is joy, and in that joy, there is freedom.

A Dialogue on Work, Satisfaction, and Inner Freedom

Person: I feel no satisfaction in my work. Every day feels heavy, meaningless. I am deeply depressed.

Krishnamurti: Let us look at this very carefully, without rushing to find a solution. You say there is no satisfaction in your work. What do you mean by “satisfaction”?

Person: I mean a sense of fulfilment, joy, some feeling that what I do has meaning and value.

Krishnamurti: Yes. Most of us seek satisfaction in what we do because we want to feel important, secure, or successful. We want to assert ourselves through work — to build an image of “I am this,” “I have achieved that.”

Person: But without that satisfaction, I feel empty and lost.

Krishnamurti: Of course. Because your identity has been tied to the work and the satisfaction it was supposed to give you. When that crumbles, you feel a great void. But is this emptiness something to be avoided, or is it a doorway to understanding something deeper?

Person: A doorway? I don't understand.

Krishnamurti: Let us explore. You have been taught to look to work for fulfilment, for a sense of self-worth. But work, like everything else, is impermanent — it changes, it can become routine, it can lose its charm. When you depend on it for psychological nourishment, you inevitably suffer.

Person: Then what should I do? How can I live without that need?

Krishnamurti: First, see the fact — not as an idea, but as a living reality. See how thought has built the idea that work must give you satisfaction, and how you have come to depend on that idea for your sense of self.

Person: Yes... I see I have been clinging to that.

Krishnamurti: Exactly. When you see this clearly, without condemning or justifying it, there is a certain freedom. Then, work can simply be work — a necessary activity, perhaps a practical responsibility, but not a source of your identity.

Person: But then, where does joy come from?

Krishnamurti: Joy is not something to be sought. It is like a flower that blossoms when the soil is right. When the mind is not burdened by comparison, by ambition, by the craving to become something, then there is a natural joy in living — whether you are sweeping a floor, teaching a class, or performing surgery.

Person: But how do I stop comparing or craving satisfaction? It feels automatic.

Krishnamurti: Watch it. Observe every movement of thought — how it seeks approval, how it runs away from boredom, how it invents ideals. Watch without interference. In that very watching, there is a silent understanding that transforms.

Person: So, the transformation is not through effort?

Krishnamurti: No. Effort implies conflict — one part of you trying to force another part. Understanding comes when you see clearly, choicelessly. In that seeing, the division ends, and what remains is a quiet mind, a mind that acts without seeking reward.

Person: And then work becomes different?

Krishnamurti: Yes. Work then is simply an act — not a means to achieve psychological security. In that simplicity, there is order and beauty. Then you are free to give your whole attention to what you do, without the shadow of fear or expectation.

Person: I feel something opening as we speak...

Krishnamurti: Stay with that. Do not make it into a memory or a method. Let that opening grow in silence. In that silence, there is a vast space, and in that space lies real freedom — a freedom that no job, no title, no success can ever give.

17. What would Krishnamurti say to a young adult facing love failure?

My young friend, you are in pain because something you held dear — the affection, the closeness, the image of a shared future — has collapsed. The person you loved has moved away, or perhaps did not return your feeling. You feel rejected, lonely, wounded.

First, let us look at this feeling directly, without running away from it or drowning it in distractions. Can you simply observe what is happening inside you — the ache, the emptiness, the longing?

When we love as most people do, it is often not true love but a form of self-extension. We want to possess, to be needed, to feel important. We build an image of the other person — how they should be, how they should respond, how they complete us. And when that image is shattered, we suffer terribly.

This suffering is not only because the other person is gone, but because the image we have built in our mind collapses, and with it collapses our sense of self.

Can you look at this whole movement without judgment? Without saying “I must get over it” or “I should not feel this way”? Simply observe the pain as it is — raw, immediate.

When you see this clearly, you understand that true love is not about possession, not about dependency, not about completing yourself through another. True love has no demand; it has no expectation; it does not ask for anything in return.

In this adolescent stage, your mind is full of dreams, of ideals about love taught by society, movies, books, friends. Question all these. Ask yourself: What is love? Is it merely

the pleasure of being with someone? The comfort of not feeling alone? Or is it something far deeper — a state of being where there is affection, care, and freedom, without the shadow of fear and attachment?

The ending of an attachment can become an opening — a moment to understand yourself profoundly, to see the workings of desire and thought. If you can look at your pain without trying to escape it, you will discover an extraordinary strength and clarity within.

Out of that clarity, love can flower again — not as a need, but as a natural fragrance of a mind that is whole and free.

A Dialogue on Love Failure and True Freedom

Young adult: I feel so lost and broken. I loved someone deeply, but they left me, or they didn't feel the same. I don't know how to go on.

Krishnamurti: I understand. When something you deeply care for is taken away, the heart feels empty, wounded. Can we look at this feeling together, not to escape it or to find quick comfort, but to understand it?

Young adult: I don't know... I just feel pain all the time. It's like I am not enough.

Krishnamurti: Yes. That pain is very real. But ask yourself — why do you feel “not enough”? Is it because you had built an image of yourself that depended on the other's affection and attention?

Young adult: Maybe... I thought they completed me. They made me feel special and alive.

Krishnamurti: Yes. When we say someone “completes me,” it means we feel incomplete inside. We use the other as a

mirror to feel valuable, to feel seen. And when that mirror disappears, we feel lost.

Young adult: But doesn't love mean needing someone, missing them?

Krishnamurti: What we often call love is actually attachment — a longing to possess, to hold, to depend. True love is different. True love is not born of need. It is a flame that stands alone — free, without demand, without fear.

Young adult: But without them, I feel empty. How can I not feel that way?

Krishnamurti: Look at that emptiness without running away. Stay with it quietly. You see, the mind wants to fill that emptiness immediately — with another person, with distractions, with activities. But if you can watch that emptiness without escaping, you begin to understand yourself deeply.

Young adult: It feels scary to look at it directly.

Krishnamurti: Yes, it is scary because we have never been taught to sit with ourselves, to observe our loneliness without judgment. But in that observation, without trying to change it, something extraordinary happens: the emptiness reveals its nature. You discover that you are not that loneliness. You are not that pain.

Young adult: So, should I not love again?

Krishnamurti: Love is beautiful. It is sacred. But let love be like a flower — free to blossom, not something you pluck and keep in your pocket. When love is free of possession, it brings joy without sorrow. When you love without needing, without demanding, there is no fear of loss.

Young adult: But everyone around me says love is about needing each other.

Krishnamurti: Yes, society has reduced love to a bargain, a transaction of comfort and security. But love is not a contract; it is not a cage. It is like the sun — it shines without asking anything in return.

Young adult: I feel calmer listening to this... but I still feel sad.

Krishnamurti: Yes, sadness may remain for some time, like the fading echo of a song. Let it be. Do not fight it. Do not make it into a problem. Watch it move through you and learn from it. In that gentle watching, the mind becomes clear, tender, and strong.

Young adult: So, it is possible to love again without fear?

Krishnamurti: Yes — when the mind is no longer seeking to be completed by another, when it is whole in itself. Then love is not a refuge, not an escape — it is a vast space in which both can grow freely.

Young adult: Thank you... I feel like I understand something deep inside me now.

Krishnamurti: Good. Let that understanding grow silently, like a seed. Do not make it into a memory or a method. Let it live and move naturally. Then, out of that silence, love will bloom again — pure, fearless, and free.

18. What would Jiddu Krishnamurti say to a parent who has lost their son — whose heart is broken, whose life feels emptied by grief? How might he help such a person look into the nature of loss, attachment, and the possibility of seeing beyond personal sorrow?

Krishnamurti might say:

My friend, there is perhaps no greater sorrow than losing one's child. The mind recoils from it, the heart cries out in despair, the whole being feels torn apart.

Let us look at this pain directly — not escape it, not explain it away with comforting beliefs, but observe it as it is.

When a son dies, what actually dies for us? There is the physical absence, yes — the touch, the voice, the presence we loved. But there is also something deeper: the ending of all the hopes, the future we imagined for him, and for ourselves through him.

We do not merely grieve for what was, but for what might have been.

In that grief, there is a deep sense of loneliness — the sudden confrontation with emptiness. The mind wants to escape from that emptiness, to find solace in explanations, in ideas of another life, or in memories that become sacred relics.

But can we stay with that emptiness without escape? Can we look at it without any movement of thought trying to comfort itself?

You see, attachment is not love. In attachment, there is fear — fear of loss, fear of loneliness, fear of emptiness. True love

is not dependent on the presence or absence of the person. When we love purely, deeply, without the self, that love does not end with death.

Can you see that your sorrow is not only for your son, but also for yourself — for your own sense of loss, for the ending of something to which you were deeply attached?

This is not to condemn grief, nor to make it into something to be overcome as a goal. But to look at grief without the movement of the self is to see its true nature.

When there is no escape, when the mind and heart remain wholly with that pain, there is a certain quietness, an extraordinary depth. In that depth, sorrow begins to dissolve, not through effort, but through understanding.

Then, love is no longer a narrow thing, tied to one person. It becomes vast, without borders — a love that holds all humanity, all life, in a silent embrace.

A Dialogue on the Death of a Son and the Nature of Sorrow

Parent: My son is gone. I feel as though a part of my heart has been torn out. I cannot bear this emptiness.

Krishnamurti: Yes, my friend. When a son dies, it is perhaps the deepest sorrow a human being can know. Let us stay with this feeling together — not escape it, not cover it with words or beliefs, but look at it as it is.

Parent: I cannot stop thinking of him. His laughter, his dreams... everything reminds me.

Krishnamurti: Yes. The mind is full of memories — the moments you cherished, the future you imagined for him. You see, we do not only mourn what was; we mourn what might have been.

Parent: I feel that my entire future has collapsed. There is nothing left to look forward to.

Krishnamurti: Yes. When we lose someone we love, the image of the future we built collapses. We are left with a vast emptiness, and we are terrified of that emptiness.

Parent: Is it wrong to hold on to these memories?

Krishnamurti: It is not a question of right or wrong. But can we see clearly that clinging to memory is part of our sorrow? Memory keeps the wound open. We use memory as a way to hold on to what is gone, and in that holding, we do not allow ourselves to fully see what is — the fact of his death, the fact of our aloneness.

Parent: But without these memories, it feels like I am betraying him, as if I no longer love him.

Krishnamurti: Love does not depend on memory. True love is not a continuation of attachment. Attachment is tied to the self — to my son, my joy, my loss. Love is beyond the self. Love remains even when the person is gone because it is not limited by possession or continuity.

Parent: But the pain is overwhelming. I feel I will never heal.

Krishnamurti: Pain is there because there is deep attachment — and in that attachment is fear: fear of loneliness, fear of emptiness, fear of facing life without him.

Can you look at this fear without condemning it, without escaping? Simply observe it, as you might watch a bird on a branch — without trying to interfere.

Parent: I have always tried to avoid this emptiness. It feels like a dark abyss.

Krishnamurti: Yes. The mind is conditioned to run from emptiness — to fill it with beliefs, activities, distractions. But if we can stay with that emptiness, not as something to be feared, but as a fact to be understood, a transformation begins. In that silent observation, the mind realizes it cannot depend on anything outside itself for wholeness.

Parent: Does that mean I should not feel sad?

Krishnamurti: No, sadness will arise — it is natural. But see it without resistance, without turning it into a problem to solve. Let it move through you like a passing cloud in the sky. Do not identify with it as “my sadness.” Just observe it.

Parent: But love meant everything to me. Now, I feel that love is gone.

Krishnamurti: Love does not die with the body. The form is gone, yes. But love is not form; it is not memory. It is a state of being — vast, immeasurable, beyond possession. When there is true love, it holds no demand, no fear, no ending.

Parent: So, is it possible to feel love even in this grief?

Krishnamurti: Yes. When the self-centered movement of “my loss,” “my pain” quiets, what remains is a great silence. In that silence, there is compassion — for your son, for yourself, for all who suffer. That compassion is love.

Parent: This is difficult to grasp...

Krishnamurti: Yes, because we have always approached sorrow as something to overcome, something to escape. But when you approach it without motive — not to end it, not to hold on to it, but simply to see it — then the mind is free to understand its depth.

Parent: And then?

Krishnamurti: Then there is a deep sense of sacredness in life. You do not become indifferent; on the contrary, you become more alive, more sensitive. In that state, the memory of your son is not a chain, but a gentle echo that does not bind. You carry him not in sorrow, but in a vast love that includes all life.

Parent: I feel something shift inside me as you say this... a certain quietness.

Krishnamurti: Yes. Let that quietness flower. Do not turn it into an idea, a belief. Let it live and move within you. Then, out of that silence, you will find a strength that is not of the self, a love that is not bound by time.

19. Corruption

Everywhere we look today, corruption has become woven into the very fabric of our society. It is no longer hidden or occasional; it is openly acknowledged and even admired in certain circles. Corruption is seen as cleverness, a necessary tool to get ahead in a world built on ambition and greed.

Once, man feared the wild animals that roamed the forests. Their sudden attacks were his greatest terror. But now, it is not the tiger or the snake that frightens man — it is his fellow man. The threat no longer comes from nature but from human cunning, deceit, and exploitation.

Trust, which should be the foundation of all human relationships, has become a fragile, almost obsolete ideal. When a man deceives you today, society does not blame him; it blames you for being naïve enough to trust. Innocence is ridiculed, while manipulation and deceit are celebrated as signs of intelligence and strength.

In such a world, deception is no longer seen as an exception but as an essential strategy. One hears people say, “If you can get away with it, why not?” Success has become measured not by integrity, but by the ability to outwit, to accumulate wealth and power regardless of the means.

Where does this end? When corruption becomes the accepted norm, where is the space for honesty, for genuine human connection? When trust is lost, every relationship becomes a transaction, every act an investment expecting a return.

In this environment, how can an innocent person live? Not an innocence born of ignorance, but the innocence that comes from deep understanding, from inner clarity. Such a person

becomes a stranger in society — a silent rebel who refuses to compromise his integrity for the sake of gain.

This innocence is not naivety; it is a profound strength. It is the courage to stand alone, to see things as they are without distortion, and to act without fear. It means to refuse to participate in the collective madness, to refuse to corrupt oneself inwardly even if outward pressures demand it.

To live in innocence today requires a mind that is deeply awake, that perceives the subtle movements of thought and desire. It requires an inward freedom that no external system or authority can grant.

Corruption thrives wherever there is the desire to become something, to accumulate, to succeed at any cost. It grows in the soil of comparison and competition. But where there is true observation, where the mind is not seeking to become or to dominate, there corruption withers.

Such a mind is truly religious — not in the sense of belonging to an organized faith, but in the sense of living with deep respect for life, for truth, and for beauty.

In a world where trust has no place, to live innocently is a profound act of revolution. It is to move through life without leaving a trail of hurt, without seeking personal gain at the expense of another.

Only in such a life can there be true joy, true freedom — a freedom untouched by the rotting influence of corruption, a freedom that blossoms in the clear light of understanding.

Dialogue on Corruption:

Questioner: Everywhere I look today, I see corruption. It is in politics, business, religion, and even in personal relationships. It feels as though deceit has become normal, even respectable. Society seems to honor cunning more than honesty. I feel helpless and deeply disturbed.

Krishnamurti: Yes, corruption has become an accepted way of life for many. But let us go slowly. You say society honors cunning — but what is society? Is it something apart from you and me, something out there to be blamed?

Questioner: Society is all of us, isn't it?

Krishnamurti: Exactly. Society is the collective expression of individual human beings — their desires, fears, ambitions, greed, and insecurities. If each of us is corrupt inwardly, that corruption naturally expresses itself outwardly as a corrupt society.

Questioner: So corruption begins in the individual mind?

Krishnamurti: Yes. It begins in the small compromises, the little dishonesties, the quiet justifications we make each day. When you flatter someone to gain something, when you tell a small lie to protect yourself, when you bend the truth to appear important — these are all seeds of corruption.

Questioner: But is it really possible to live without these small compromises? The world seems to demand them.

Krishnamurti: That is the great illusion. We believe that to survive, to succeed, we must become cunning. But this belief

itself is born of fear — fear of failure, fear of not belonging, fear of being alone.

Questioner: So, if I do not compromise, will I not be destroyed by this ruthless world?

Krishnamurti: Perhaps outwardly, you may not gain the same positions or rewards. You may not become rich or powerful in the conventional sense. But what is more important: an outward success built on deceit, or an inward clarity and freedom that no one can touch?

Questioner: But what about my responsibilities — to my family, my children?

Krishnamurti: Of course, you must care for your family, provide for them. But must providing for them mean dishonesty, corruption, deceit? Or can you act intelligently, creatively, honestly, even in a world that is corrupt?

Questioner: It seems almost impossible...

Krishnamurti: It appears impossible because the mind is conditioned to believe it is so. You see, we have accepted conflict as a way of life — conflict within ourselves and conflict with the world. But when there is no division inside, when there is inner integrity, action flows naturally without conflict.

Questioner: Inner integrity... what does that really mean?

Krishnamurti: It means a mind that is whole, not fragmented. A mind that does not say one thing and do another. A mind that does not deceive itself with comforting

illusions or clever justifications. It means living without masks.

Questioner: But everywhere people are wearing masks. Society even encourages them.

Krishnamurti: Yes, and that is why society is what it is — deeply anxious, violent, dishonest. But if even one person lives without a mask, there is already a different light in the world.

Questioner: But can such a person influence the world?

Krishnamurti: Do not think in terms of influence. That again becomes a form of ambition, a desire to have power over others. The question is not how to change others but whether you can live in complete honesty and freedom yourself. That in itself is the true revolution.

Questioner: But to live without corruption, without seeking rewards — does that mean living without ambition?

Krishnamurti: Ambition as we know it — the urge to become, to succeed, to compare, to outshine — is inherently violent. It divides, it creates conflict. But action born out of clarity and intelligence is not ambition; it is natural, creative movement. Such action does not leave behind the scars of regret or fear.

Questioner: How does one begin to see all this clearly?

Krishnamurti: By observing yourself as you would observe a bird in flight — carefully, silently, without judgment. See how thought moves, how desire arises, how fear shapes your actions. Watch the subtle ways you seek security and

approval. In that very watching, there is a quiet transformation.

Questioner: And from that watching, corruption ends?

Krishnamurti: Corruption ends when the mind no longer seeks to become something, when it does not measure itself against another. Then there is no need to deceive, to pretend, to exploit. There is only a simple, direct living.

Questioner: But if I live this way, will I not feel alone?

Krishnamurti: Perhaps outwardly you may find yourself standing alone. But that aloneness is not loneliness. It is a state of complete freedom, untouched by fear, untouched by society's judgments. In that aloneness, there is immense beauty and love.

Questioner: So, innocence can exist even in this corrupt world?

Krishnamurti: Yes — and that innocence is not childish ignorance but the freshness of a mind that is free from corruption, free from the burden of becoming, free from the cage of comparison. Such a mind is like a clear sky — vast, open, unpolluted.

Questioner: I feel something shift inside me as I listen...

Krishnamurti: Let that feeling grow silently. Do not make it into a new goal, do not turn it into an ideal to pursue. Let it blossom naturally, without force. In that quiet flowering, there is the end of corruption, and the beginning of true, compassionate living.

20. The flight from inner emptiness

People die in stampedes at temples, at political rallies, at gatherings for cinema heroes, at Kumbha Melas and other festivals. It is a tragic, recurring story — human beings crushed under the weight of their own collective frenzy.

Why does this happen? What does it reveal about us?

In the temple, people rush forward seeking blessings, hoping for miracles, longing for some divine favor to resolve their suffering. In political rallies, they surge forward to touch the garment of power, to feel part of a mass movement, to dissolve themselves in an idea or a leader. In cinema rallies, they gather in hysterical waves to worship an image, to escape their own emptiness by merging into the adoration of a star.

In each case, we see the same underlying movement: the desire to belong, to be part of something larger than oneself, to find security in the crowd. But in that very movement lies violence — the violence of imitation, of blind following, of losing one's own intelligence and responsibility.

Is it not strange and deeply sorrowful that human beings, who claim to be intelligent, allow themselves to be swept away in such unthinking mass behaviour? We call it devotion, loyalty, love. But is it truly love to harm or crush another in our blind excitement? Is it true devotion to cause death in the name of God, country, or a film idol?

We have been conditioned for centuries to follow — to obey authority, to worship images, to surrender our minds to tradition or charisma. In that surrender, we abandon our own clarity, our own direct perception of truth. We become mere echoes of the crowd.

Krishnamurti would say: Where there is conformity, there can be no love. Where there is fear and imitation, there is no intelligence. True religious feeling is not found in temples filled with jostling bodies and screaming minds. It is not found in political slogans shouted in unison, nor in the worship of an actor projected onto a screen.

A truly religious mind stands alone, not in isolation, but in freedom — free from fear, from authority, from the urge to belong to a collective identity. It observes, questions, understands. It does not seek security in the crowd or dissolve itself in mass hysteria.

These stampedes are not merely accidents; they are symptoms of a deeper illness — the loss of individual awareness, the flight from responsibility, the desperate search for security in symbols and leaders.

To condemn these tragedies is not enough. We must see that we are responsible for creating such conditions — each one of us, in the ways we conform, imitate, and seek escape from our inner emptiness.

When we begin to understand ourselves deeply, to see our own fears and dependencies, there arises a different kind of order — not the order imposed by police or barricades, but the order that comes from intelligence and love.

In that order, there is no violence, no pushing, no rushing to touch the feet of a priest or the hand of a politician. There is only quiet, attentive, compassionate living.

And in that attentive living, there is sacredness — not in the crowd, not in the noise, but in the silent flowering of understanding within.

21. The Futility of Repetition and the Illusion of Becoming

A dull mind, however devout, however persistent in its effort, remains dull — even if it repeats the most sacred word or the most ancient mantra. Repetition does not bring about clarity. Mechanical chanting does not awaken intelligence. A confused mind that clings to a word, a sound, or an image, hoping to be transformed by it, is still functioning in the field of time and habit.

This is the tragedy of much that passes as religious practice. The mind, burdened by its confusion, fear, and longing, grasps at a formula, at a name, at a technique — hoping that by repetition it will become quiet, enlightened, or elevated. But such repetition is merely conditioning. It is the noise of a mind trying to escape itself.

Can the mind, which is fragmented and restless, become whole through a fragmentary act? Is not the hope for a future state — for peace, for silence, for enlightenment — itself a projection of thought, and therefore already limited, already conditioned?

Repetition, whether of a word or of a belief, may produce a certain dull stillness, a kind of self-hypnosis, but it is not freedom. It is not silence. It is merely the outcome of a mind that wishes to be comforted by routine, to escape its own unrest by creating a pattern and then surrendering to it.

But such surrender is not intelligence; it is not awareness. Intelligence arises only when the mind begins to observe itself without the urge to change, to control, to become.

When Krishnamurti speaks of choiceless awareness, he is not pointing to a practiced method or system. He is pointing to a

quality of attention that is alive, alert, and immediate — not the attention that is born of repetition, which dulls and deadens, but the attention that is the flame of direct perception.

The moment you repeat a word, however beautiful, in the hope of arriving somewhere — spiritually or psychologically — you are already caught in the movement of becoming. That becoming is born from dissatisfaction with what is, and therefore it is rooted in conflict.

Only when the mind is utterly still, not as a result of practice but as a result of understanding its own movement — only then is there silence. And in that silence, there may be something sacred. But that cannot be invited. It cannot be sought.

To seek it is to reduce it to a goal, a memory, an image. And what is sacred cannot be touched by thought.

So, let us be very clear: the transformation of the mind does not come through repetition. It comes through observation — observing the entire structure of oneself, inwardly, moment to moment, without judgment, without motive.

Then the mind is not becoming anything. It is simply watching. And in that watching, there is a freshness, an innocence.

And perhaps in that innocent state, that which is beyond all thought, all repetition, all effort — that which is truly sacred — may come uninvited, like a breeze through an open window.

Part II: Whisperings in Verse

Poem – 1

The Silence Beyond Time

All is movement,
ceaseless, flowing, without shore—
the leaf falling, the star burning,
the breath dissolving into air.

But the mind —
nourished by time,
woven of memory,
anchored in recognition —
seeks to grasp what it cannot hold.

It names, compares, measures;
its world is the known,
a fabric of yesterday's shadows
stretched into tomorrow's hopes.

Yet the timeless
is not a thing to be known,
not an image to be held,
not a word to be spoken.
It stands outside the web of becoming,
untouched by striving,
beyond the reach of thought's movement.

When the mind sees its own limits,
when it ceases to reach,
when desire falls silent—
there remains only stillness.

In that stillness,
where the observer is not,
the nameless whispers.
The timeless is.

Poem – 2

The Seeing Without the Self

I look upon the fact—
from silence, or from the shadow called me.
When I look through the self,
woven from memory and desire,
the seeing is clouded,
distorted by the movement of becoming.

From this distortion,
sorrow takes root,
conflict blossoms,
pain spills into me and into you.
The fabric of life,
part of the vast, unbroken universe,
trembles under this division.

The self —
a whisper of thought,
an image spun by time,
a fragile house of yesterday's echoes —
is but an illusion.

As long as the self stands,
there are losses and gains,
victories and failures,
the endless weighing of what is and what should be.

But when the illusion is seen,
not as theory but as living truth,
there is only stillness.

In that stillness,
there is no measure,
no comparison,
no separate I to suffer or to possess.

Life is whole —
one movement,
one breath,
beyond fragmentation.

You are not apart from it.
You are that vastness—
not the seeker, but the seen;
not the fragment, but the whole.

Poem – 3

The Ending of the Illusion

When I observe,
I can see either from silence
or through the screen of the self.

The self —
that bundle of memories,
experiences, fears, and hopes —
stands between the observer and the observed.
It shapes perception,
distorts what is,
and gives birth to conflict.

Through this distortion,
pain arises —
within me,
within you,
within the whole movement of life.

This division,
this fragmentation,
places existence itself at risk,

for the part cannot exist in isolation
from the whole.

But can one see,
with absolute clarity,
that the self is an illusion?
A projection of thought,
sustained by time,
fuelled by the endless pursuit of gain and fear of loss.

In that deep seeing,
without effort,
without analysis,
the self dissolves.

Then there is neither loss nor gain,
neither becoming nor fear.
Only the vast movement of life remains —
whole, unbroken, without centre.

In this wholeness,
there is no division,
no separation between 'you' and 'me'.
There is only life —
sacred, immeasurable, timeless.

Poem – 4

The Illusion of Control

The mind believes it controls—
its future, its destiny,
its thoughts, its emotions,
its very course of life.

It plans, arranges, resists, and holds—
clinging to the known,
fearing the unknown,
seeking refuge in its own projections.

But control is a fragment of thought,
born of fear,
sustained by the desire for security
in a world that flows without anchor.

No hand holds the river,
no mind commands the wind.

Life moves in its own vast rhythm—
unbound, immeasurable,
beyond the grasp of desire and will.

The very attempt to control
breeds anxiety,
conflict,
and sorrow.

When this is seen clearly,
not as an idea,
but as truth unfolding before the mind,
there comes a quiet release.

The burden of control drops away,
and in its absence,
there is freedom.

Freedom not created by the mind,
but present always—
like the sky beyond the passing clouds.

In that freedom,
there is no controller,
no controlled.
Only the whole movement of life
in its sacred vastness.

Poem – 5

The Quiet Beyond Thought

The mind, restless,
leaps from shadow to shadow—
regretting the past,
fearing the future,
seeking endlessly to control the unknown.

In its ceaseless movement,
it weaves anxiety,
sorrow,
and the heavy burden of becoming.

Yet beyond this turmoil,
there is a quiet not born of effort—
a stillness not made by discipline,
but by the simple ending of struggle.

When thought is silent,
not suppressed,
not conquered,
but seen for what it is—

a fragment of memory,
a response of the old—
there arises a different movement.

In that silence,
peace breathes without cause,
clarity shines without search,
and the heart rests without desire.

There,
life is neither gained nor lost,
neither held nor avoided.
There is only the vastness of awareness—
awake, present, timeless.

Thought may return,
but no longer as master—
only as a tool,
used and laid aside.

And in the space between thoughts,
the whole of existence whispers—
free, sacred, immeasurable.

Poem – 6

The Ending of Becoming

The mind desires to become—
to reach, to gather, to arrive.

It carries the burden of ‘what was’
and stretches it into ‘what must be.’
In this movement of becoming
lies the seed of conflict,
the ache of incompleteness.

Every effort to perfect,
to achieve,
to arrive at some final state—
is born of this endless projection of time.

But can the mind see,
without resistance,
that all becoming is illusion?

To see is to end the search.

To see is to remain with what is—

without naming,

without judging,

without reaching.

In that simple seeing,

time dissolves.

The weight of becoming falls away.

There is no centre,

no goal,

no path.

Only this—

the vastness of now,

where stillness breathes,

and the sacred whispers without voice.

Poem – 7

Choiceless Observation

To observe —
not with the eyes of judgment,
not through the filter of desire,
but simply to see.

To watch the movement of thought,
the rising of anger,
the shadow of fear,
the ache of loneliness—
without naming,
without condemning,
without choosing.

Choice divides.
It is the action of the self,
the fragment that says:
“I like,”
“I dislike,”
“This is good,”
“That is bad.”
In choiceless observation,

there is no division.

The observer is the observed.

The thought is not separate from the thinker;

the fear is not apart from the one who feels.

They are one movement.

To see this is to end conflict.

In that seeing,

the mind is still —

not made still,

but naturally quiet,

like a lake undisturbed.

In this stillness,

understanding blooms.

Not through effort,

but through the absence of resistance.

There is no longer a centre,

no longer a watcher —

only the pure flame of perception.

In that flame,

truth reveals itself—

simple, direct, whole.

Poem – 8

The False Security of Thought

The mind seeks security—
in beliefs, in possessions,
in relationships, in knowledge.

It builds walls of certainty,
hoping to protect itself
from the vast unknown.

Thought promises safety—
a future carefully arranged,
a past carefully preserved.
In this movement,
the mind feels sheltered.

But thought is memory,
a shadow of what was.
It projects images,
but cannot touch the living movement of life.

The security it offers
is an illusion—

fragile, temporary,
always threatened by change.

The world shifts,
the body ages,
relationships alter,
and time sweeps away every structure thought has built.

Seeing this is the beginning of freedom.

When the mind no longer seeks
refuge in thought's constructions,
it stands alone,
unprotected,
yet free.

In that freedom,
there is no fear—
for there is nothing to lose,
nothing to defend.

Life moves as one whole movement,
and the mind, no longer grasping,
rests in the vastness of what is—
simple, unbound,
sacred.

Poem – 9

The Ending of Fear

Fear —

the silent shadow that moves beneath thought,
binding the heart,
narrowing the mind.

Fear of loss,
of death,
of loneliness,
of not becoming,
of not being.

The mind escapes it —
through belief,
through hope,
through endless occupation.
Yet in every escape,
fear remains,
hidden,
unresolved.

Fear is born of time —
of memory projecting the past
into an imagined future.
It is thought anticipating pain,
projecting images that the mind believes to be real.

To end fear
is not to fight it,
nor to suppress it,
nor to cover it with comforting words.

But to face it—
to look at it directly,
without movement,
without escape.

In that direct perception,
without the interference of thought,
fear unfolds its nature.

And in that very seeing,
without division,
without resistance,

fear dissolves.

Where fear ends,

there is freedom.

A freedom untouched by circumstance,

untouched by time.

In that freedom,

there is a vast silence—

a stillness that holds no opposite.

And in that stillness,

life is whole,

sacred,

immeasurable.

Poem – 10

The Beauty of What Is

The mind is always reaching —
toward what should be,
away from what is.

In its movement,
it compares,
measures,
judges,
and divides.

It calls some moments beautiful,
others painful.
It longs for the pleasant,
rejects the unpleasant.

Yet in this endless struggle,
it never meets life directly.
But when the movement of becoming ends,
when the mind is still,

without desire to change or possess,
there is a different seeing.

Then, what is —
just as it is —
reveals its beauty.

The tree standing silent,
the sky vast and empty,
the single tear upon the cheek,
the breath that moves quietly—
all hold a sacredness beyond thought.

Beauty is not in what is desired,
nor in what pleases the senses,
but in the simple fact of being.

In the seeing without a centre,
without the ‘me’ that chooses,
there is a vastness
where every leaf,
every sound,
every moment

glows with quiet wonder.

The beauty of what is

needs no reason,

no approval,

no purpose.

It simply is.

Poem – 11

The Sacred Dimension Beyond Thought

Thought moves within its own circle—
naming, comparing, remembering,
constructing the known from the ashes of the past.

It builds religions,
systems,
beliefs,
offering symbols of the sacred.

But what is sacred
cannot be captured by thought.
It cannot be held in words,
nor contained in rituals,
nor shaped by tradition.

Thought is time,
and the sacred is timeless.

To enter that dimension
is not a matter of will,
nor the result of discipline,
nor the reward of virtue.

It comes when thought sees its own limitation,
when the mind no longer seeks,
no longer measures,
no longer clings to certainty.

In that complete ending of the known,
in the vast emptiness of non-becoming,
there is an otherness—
immeasurable,
untouched,
silent.

There, the sacred breathes—
not as an experience of the ‘me,’
but as the essence of life itself.

The mind cannot invite it,
but in the stillness beyond thought,
it is.

Poem – 12

The Ending of Time

Time is thought.

It carries the weight of memory,
the longing for tomorrow,
the regret of yesterday.

In its movement,
the mind is trapped —
measuring, comparing,
seeking continuity,
building the illusion of becoming.

We say:

“I will be better,”

“I will attain,”

“I will arrive.”

This is the burden of time —
the endless search for what is not.

But can the mind see,
without effort,
that time, as psychological becoming,
is the very root of conflict?

When the mind no longer escapes
into the past or the future,
when it rests with what is,
without resistance,
without hope,
without fear—
then time ends.

In that ending,
there is no longer the ‘me’
carrying its endless story.

There remains only the present—
not as a point between past and future,
but as the whole of existence—
vast, immeasurable, timeless.

In the ending of time,
there is freedom.

In that freedom,
there is love.

And in that love,
the sacred whispers.

Poem – 13

The Silence That Cannot Be Sought

The mind longs for silence,
but its longing is noise.
The search for stillness
is itself a movement of restlessness.

You cannot pursue silence
as you pursue knowledge,
as you gather experience,
as you chase pleasure.

Silence is not the result of discipline,
nor the fruit of effort.
It does not come through methods,
nor through practices,
nor through years of struggle.

Silence comes
when seeking ends.

When the mind sees
the futility of its own movement—

its desires, its fears,
its endless becoming—
there is a stopping.

In that stopping,
there is no centre.
There is no 'me' waiting for silence.
There is only what is.

And in that space,
beyond all effort,
beyond all becoming,
silence blooms—
uninvited, effortless, whole.

It is not the silence of suppression,
nor the quietness of control,
but the vast stillness
of a mind that no longer divides.

In that silence,
life reveals its sacredness—
untouched by thought,
immeasurable,
eternal.

Poem – 14

The Death of the Self

The self —
a bundle of memories,
of names, forms, experiences,
of fears and hopes,
woven by thought over time.

It seeks continuity,
to become something greater,
to possess, to achieve, to arrive.

But in this endless becoming
lies the seed of conflict,
division, and sorrow.

The self is born of thought,
and thought is time.
It is a movement of the past,
projecting itself into the future,
never touching the living present.
The death of the self
is not the end of physical existence,

nor the destruction of personality,
but the ending of psychological continuity—
the ending of the centre that says “I am.”

This death is not brought about by will,
by discipline,
or by control.

It comes in the deep seeing
of the nature of the self itself.

When the illusion is seen clearly,
completely,
without escape,
the self falls away—
as a shadow vanishes
when there is no light to cast it.

In that death,
there is great beauty—
a freedom beyond measure,
a love without object,
a vastness without centre.
In the death of the self,
life begins.

Poem – 15

The Flame of Pure Seeing

To see —

without the screen of memory,
without the weight of the past,
without the whisper of desire.

Pure seeing

is not touched by thought.

It is not interpretation,
nor judgment,
nor choice.

It is the light that simply illuminates
what is —
as it is.

The mind, conditioned by habit,
seeks always to interfere:
to compare, to name, to possess,
to shape reality into what it wants.
But in pure seeing,
there is no movement of the ‘me.’

There is no observer
separate from the observed.

The seeing itself is the flame—
bright, clear,
without distortion.

In that flame,
conflict ends,
division dissolves.

Every leaf, every cloud, every breath
is seen in its extraordinary beauty,
without the shadow of becoming.

Pure seeing is action,
whole and immediate,
requiring no thought to guide it.

In that flame,
there is great freedom—
for where there is clarity,
love flows without resistance,
and life reveals its sacredness.

Poem – 16

The Wholeness Without Division

The mind divides.

It says:

“I am this, you are that.”

“This is mine, that is yours.”

“Success and failure,

pleasure and pain,

right and wrong.”

In this endless division,

conflict is born.

The world becomes fragmented,

and the heart grows separate, isolated.

Yet life is not division.

The river does not separate itself from the sea.

The tree does not claim its leaves.

Wholeness is not an ideal to be reached,

nor a state to be achieved.

It is the nature of life itself—
undivided, complete, vast.

To see without division
is to see without the self,
without the centre that measures, compares, and judges.

When the 'me' dissolves,
the fragmentation ends.
There is only the movement of life,
flowing without boundary,
without opposition.

In that wholeness,
there is no conflict,
no fear,
no becoming.

There is only the one flame of existence—
quiet, immense, sacred.

Poem – 17

The Ending of Psychological Effort

The mind is trained to struggle.

It strives to become,

to achieve,

to arrive.

Inwardly, it labours to be good,

to be peaceful,

to be enlightened.

But all such effort

is the movement of the self —

the centre trying to change itself,

the fragment struggling against its own shadow.

Effort divides —

into the one who strives

and the thing to be attained.

And in that division,

conflict is born.

Can there be seeing

without struggle?
Understanding without resistance?
Change without the machinery of will?

When the mind sees
the futility of its own effort—
not as an idea,
but as fact—
there comes a stillness.

In that stillness,
there is no striving.
There is only what is,
seen clearly, without distortion.

And in that choiceless seeing,
transformation occurs —
not through effort,
but through the ending of conflict.

Where effort ends,
there is great freedom,
a deep peace untouched by will,
a silence that holds the sacred.

Poem – 18

The Sacredness of What Is

The mind seeks the sacred
in distant places,
in ancient texts,
in symbols, temples, and rituals.

It hopes to find the eternal
through effort, belief, and devotion.

But the sacred is not found through search,
nor reached through time.
It is not the reward of discipline,
nor the possession of the seeker.

The sacred is here—
in what is.

In the movement of the breeze,
in the quiet rustle of leaves,
in the cry of a child,
in the stillness of early dawn.

To see it,
the mind must be silent—
not made silent by force,
but silent because desire has ended.

In that silence,
there is no division,
no observer,
no becoming.

What remains is pure perception—
a flame that illuminates without shadow.

In the presence of what is,
without judgment,
without resistance,
the sacred reveals itself.

It is not separate from life,
nor beyond life.
It is life itself—
whole, immeasurable, timeless.

Poem – 19

The Observer Is the Observed

The mind watches,
naming, judging, dividing—
“I am angry,”
“I am afraid,”
“I must change.”

In this division,
the observer stands apart,
separate from what is seen.

But is the observer truly separate?
Or is the observer part of the very thing he observes?

The anger is not apart from the one who feels it.
The fear is not distinct from the thinker.
The thought and the thinker arise together,
are one movement.

In seeing this,
the illusion of separation ends.

Where there is no division,
there is no conflict,
no struggle to change,
no becoming.

There is only pure perception—
a direct seeing of what is,
without the interference of the self.

In that seeing,
transformation takes place—
not by will,
not by effort,
but by the ending of the false.

The observer dissolves,
and with it,
the conflict of duality.

In that dissolution,
there is freedom—
a vastness untouched by thought,
where life simply is,
whole, sacred, immeasurable.

Poem – 20

The Ending of Desire

Desire arises—
a spark born of sensation,
thought naming it,
memory giving it continuity.

The mind sees,
touches,
imagines—
and out of that movement,
desire takes form.

It promises fulfilment,
pleasure,
security,
arrival.

But behind its flame
lies restlessness,
attachment,

fear of loss,
and the endless pursuit of the next moment.

Desire breeds conflict—
between what is
and what should be,
between having and not having,
between becoming and failing.

To suppress desire
is another movement of desire—
the desire to be free.

But can the mind see desire
as it arises—
without judgment,
without escape,
without resistance?

In that choiceless seeing,
desire reveals its nature—
and in the very seeing,
it ends.

Where desire ends,
there is great stillness—
not the stillness of repression,
but the quiet of a mind
free from craving.

In that freedom,
there is neither pleasure nor pain,
gain nor loss—
only the fullness of what is.

And in that fullness,
there is love,
compassion,
and a vast silence
that holds the sacred.

Poem – 21

The Weight of the Known

The known —
the past carried forward,
memory layered upon memory,
experience accumulated like dust upon the mind.

It gives comfort,
it offers security,
it builds identity.

The ‘me’ is the known —
a bundle of what has been,
projecting itself into what might be.

From the known arises fear,
for the unknown threatens its fragile structure.
From the known arises sorrow,
for what was is forever slipping away.

The known is heavy,
binding the mind in habit,
in belief,
in repetition.

It colours perception,
divides the world into what should be and what must not be,
trapping life within the narrow walls of remembrance.

But life is not the known.
Life is ever new,
ever fresh,
ever moving beyond the reach of memory.

To see the weight of the known
is to begin to release it.
Not through denial,
not through effort,
but through simple awareness.

As the known falls away,
the mind becomes light,
free from its own burden.

In that freedom,
there is clarity—
a seeing without distortion,
a living untouched by yesterday.

And in that freedom,
the sacred whispers softly,
in the space where the known no longer weighs upon the
heart.

Poem – 22

The Freedom of Not Becoming

The mind is always becoming —
striving to be better,
to be successful,
to be enlightened,
to be someone.

In this movement of becoming,
time is born —
the endless projection of what was
into what should be.

Becoming carries with it
comparison, ambition, conflict.
It divides what is
from what could be.

And in that division
is the seed of sorrow,
the ache of incompleteness,
the weight of never arriving.
But when the mind sees,

with clarity and without escape,
that becoming is the very root of suffering,
a great stillness begins.

In the ending of becoming,
there is neither success nor failure,
neither high nor low,
neither superior nor inferior.

There is only what is —
whole, sufficient, undivided.

Freedom is not at the end of a path;
it is here,
in the ending of becoming.

In that freedom,
there is great beauty—
a flowering of life untouched by ambition,
a love without motive,
a joy without cause.
The freedom of not becoming
is the ending of conflict,
and in that ending,
the sacred is.

Poem – 23

The Flame That Consumes the False

The false is born of thought—
the images we hold,
the identities we cling to,
the beliefs we defend.

It is the ‘me’ that separates,
that divides,
that compares and competes.
It is fear masked as virtue,
desire disguised as love.

The false sustains conflict,
feeds sorrow,
and distorts perception.

No method can dissolve it,
no practice can burn it away.
For every method is still
the movement of thought,

still within the field of the known.
But when there is simple seeing—
direct, choiceless, without motive—
a different flame is born.

It is not lit by effort,
nor by will,
nor by knowledge.

It is the flame of pure attention.

In that flame,
the false burns effortlessly—
as dry leaves consumed by fire,
without struggle,
without resistance.

What remains is clarity—
pure, unclouded, whole.

In that clarity,
truth shines—
not as an achievement,

but as that which was always present
beneath the weight of illusion.

The flame that consumes the false
is the light of sacred seeing,
where the mind rests in the vastness
of what is.

Poem – 24

The Ending of Psychological Time

Time —

not the rising and setting of the sun,
not the turning of the seasons,
but the time within the mind.

The time of becoming:

“I was,”

“I am,”

“I will be.”

The time that measures progress,
compares achievement,
carries the burden of yesterday
into the hope of tomorrow.

This is psychological time —
the movement of thought,
the projection of memory,
the fear of loss,

the hunger for gain.

In its flow,

conflict is born.

The mind divides what is

from what should be.

But can the mind see,

without resistance,

that this movement is the very root of suffering?

To see it is to stop.

To stop is not to resist,

but to remain completely with what is,

without escape into past or future.

In that seeing,

time dissolves.

The endless becoming ends.

The mind stands still,

silent,

without a centre.

This is not the stillness of effort,
nor the product of discipline,
but the natural quiet
of a mind free from the weight of time.

Where psychological time ends,
there is only the present —
not a moment between past and future,
but the eternal now,
immeasurable, whole.

In that timeless presence,
the sacred breathes.

Poem – 25

The Movement of Choiceless Awareness

Awareness is not effort.

It is not the product of practice,
nor the result of discipline.

It is the simple seeing of what is —
without preference,
without condemnation,
without escape.

In choiceless awareness,
there is no centre,
no observer apart from the observed.
The mind does not interfere;
it neither grasps nor resists.

Thought may arise,
feeling may stir,
but they are seen
as clouds passing through the open sky.
There is no judgment,
no identification,
no movement of desire.

Awareness moves
without direction,
without motive,
without conclusion.

It is not static,
but alive, fluid,
like a river flowing effortlessly,
carrying all within its current,
without struggle,
without conflict.

In this movement,
there is great clarity —
a clarity untouched by thought,
untouched by time.

The flame of attention burns steadily,
lighting the moment as it unfolds,
revealing the sacredness of what is.
In choiceless awareness,
life is whole —
undivided, silent, immeasurable.

Poem – 26

The Sacred Flame of Now

The mind wanders endlessly—
into the past,
into the future,
seeking comfort,
escaping sorrow,
chasing hope.

In this movement of time,
the present is lost.
The now becomes a fleeting moment,
barely touched,
quickly replaced by thought.

Yet the now is not a passing instant
between what was and what will be.
It is the whole of existence—
the only reality.

In the now,
there is no past to carry,

no future to fear.

There is only what is—
alive, immediate, complete.

The sacred flame of now
burns silently,
illuminating all that is seen
without distortion.

When the mind is free
from its restless movement,
when there is no becoming,
no resistance,
no desire to change what is,
the flame reveals its brilliance.

It is not lit by effort,
nor kindled by search.
It simply is—
eternal, immeasurable,
beyond thought and time.
In the sacred flame of now,
life is whole.
In its light,
truth is.

Poem – 27

The Silence Where Truth Is

Truth is not found
in words,
in scriptures,
in the repetition of sacred phrases.

It does not reside
in systems,
in beliefs,
in paths laid down by others.

Truth cannot be sought,
for seeking belongs to desire,
and desire distorts what is.

The mind that seeks
projects its own images—
its longings, its fears,
its hopes, its conditioning.

In that projection,
truth is lost.

But when the mind sees its own movement,
its own limitations,
its own restlessness,
and becomes utterly quiet—
not through control,
not through discipline,
but through deep understanding—
there comes a silence.

A silence not born of suppression,
but of the complete ending of effort.

In that silence,
truth reveals itself.

It is not something to be grasped,
not something to be held,
not something to be described.

It is simply there—
like the stillness of a vast sky,
like the beauty of an untouched morning.
In that silence,
there is sacredness,
there is love,
there is truth—
timeless, whole, unnameable.

Poem – 28

The Ending of All Seeking

The mind is forever seeking—
seeking truth,
seeking peace,
seeking love,
seeking something more.

In its search,
it follows paths,
accepts authorities,
builds beliefs,
and clings to methods.

Yet every search
is born of discontent,
of incompleteness,
of the ache to become something else.

Seeking is the movement of desire—
the longing to escape what is,

to reach what is imagined.
But truth is not at the end of a path.
It is not found through effort,
nor through accumulation,
nor through time.

The very act of seeking
is the barrier.

When the mind sees this clearly,
without resistance,
without hope for reward,
there is an ending—
an ending of all seeking.

In that ending,
the mind is utterly still—
not made still,
but still because the search has dissolved.

And in that stillness,
there is great beauty,
for the unknown reveals itself

when the known ceases to interfere.

The ending of seeking

is the beginning of seeing.

In that seeing,

there is freedom.

And in that freedom,

there is the sacred.

Poem – 29

The Emptiness That Holds All Things

The mind fears emptiness.

It fills itself

with knowledge,

with beliefs,

with possessions,

with endless activity.

It clings to the known,

for the unknown appears as a void,

threatening, unfamiliar, vast.

Yet the emptiness it fears

is not nothingness.

It is not absence,

but a fullness beyond measure.

When the mind,

seeing the futility of its own movement,

comes to rest—

not by force,
but through understanding—
there arises a great silence.

In that emptiness,
there is no self to defend,
no image to protect,
no centre to sustain.

There is only vastness—
without boundaries,
without division.

It is an emptiness
that holds all things:
the sound of the bird,
the breath of the wind,
the stillness of the evening sky,
the movement of life itself.

In this emptiness,
there is compassion,
there is love,

there is sacredness.

The mind, free of accumulation,
rests in the immeasurable.

And in that emptiness,
all things are held—
without possession,
without attachment,
without fear.

Poem – 30

The Light That Is Not of The Mind

The mind seeks light
through knowledge,
through thought,
through belief and analysis.

It accumulates ideas,
it gathers experiences,
it builds its towers of understanding,
hoping to illuminate the unknown.

But thought is limited,
bound to time,
a movement within the field of the known.

The light that thought kindles
is but a reflection,
a fragment,
never the whole.

Truth is not found in the movement of thought.
It is not the product of reasoning,
nor the reward of discipline.

There is a light
that is not of the mind—
a light that is timeless,
without cause,
without direction.

It arises when the mind is utterly silent,
when all seeking has ceased,
when there is no centre,
no observer.

In that silence,
there is a different kind of seeing—
a clarity that is not born of effort,
but of freedom.

This light illuminates without shadow,
reveals without division,
holds without possession.

It is the light of pure awareness,
where love and compassion flower naturally,
and the sacred breathes without name.

In that light,
life is whole,
and truth simply is.

Poem – 31

The Ending of Division

The mind divides.

It says:

“I am this, you are that.”

“This is mine, that is yours.”

“This is right, that is wrong.”

In this endless division,
conflict is born.

The self separates from the other,
the observer stands apart from the observed,
and sorrow takes root.

Division is the movement of thought,
naming, measuring, comparing,
creating the illusion of separation.

But life is not divided.
The sky, the earth, the flowing river,
the cry of the child,

the silence of dawn —
all move together in one indivisible whole.

The ending of division
is not the result of effort,
nor the achievement of will.

It comes when the mind sees,
without distortion,
its own activity of separation.

In that seeing,
without judgment,
without choice,
division dissolves.

Then the observer is the observed,
the thinker is the thought,
the self is no more.

In that wholeness,
there is no conflict,
no fear,

no becoming.

There is only the movement of life —
undivided, sacred, immeasurable.

In the ending of division,
love flowers —
not as desire,
but as the very breath of existence.

Poem – 32

The Breath of the Infinite

Life breathes.

Not as the separate breath of one,
but as the vast movement of existence itself.

The stars move in silence,
the rivers flow without thought,
the leaf falls gently,
the heart beats.

All is part of a single, unbroken movement—
the breath of the infinite.

The mind, in its isolation,
sees fragments:
the ‘me’ and the ‘you’,
the success and the failure,
the past and the future.
In this fragmentation,
sorrow is born.

But when the mind becomes still,
when thought ceases its restless weaving,

when the observer dissolves,
there remains only this vast breath—
without boundary,
without time.

The breath of the infinite
carries all things,
holds all things,
yet belongs to no one.

It is neither yours nor mine,
neither created nor destroyed.

It simply is—
eternal, silent, immeasurable.

In that breath,
there is no becoming,
no fear,
no longing.

There is only sacred stillness,
in which life moves without division,
without effort,
without end.

Poem – 33

The Stillness That Is Action

Action, for the mind,
is often driven by desire,
by motive,
by fear or ambition.

It moves to achieve,
to become,
to change what is
into what should be.

Such action breeds conflict,
for it springs from division—
the struggle between the observer and the observed,
between what is and what is desired.

But there is an action
that is born of stillness—
not of thought,
not of effort,

but of pure perception.

When the mind is quiet,
free from its restless movement,
free from becoming and resistance,
there is a deep seeing.

In that seeing,
right action flows—
immediate, whole,
without conflict or hesitation.

This stillness is not inertia,
not withdrawal,
not indifference.

It is a flame of clarity,
a living silence
from which action arises naturally,
as the flower opens to the morning light.

In the stillness that is action,
there is no 'me' to act,
no centre to calculate.

There is only the movement of life itself
expressing through pure awareness.

In such action,
there is great love,
great intelligence,
and sacred beauty.

Poem – 34

The Untouched Flame

There is within—
beyond thought,
beyond desire,
beyond the movement of time—
a flame untouched.

It is not lit by knowledge,
nor fed by belief,
nor guarded by discipline.

Thought cannot reach it,
for thought belongs to the known.
Desire cannot possess it,
for possession is the shadow of fear.

The untouched flame burns quietly,
without cause,
without fuel,
without effort.

It is not the product of virtue,
nor the reward of striving.

It is there
when the self dissolves,
when the mind becomes still,
when all becoming ends.

This flame is not personal,
not mine,
not yours.

It belongs to no one,
yet it sustains all.

In its light,
there is no conflict,
no sorrow,
no division.

It is the flame of pure awareness,
the essence of life itself—
sacred, silent, immeasurable.

To touch it
is to end all search.
To see it
is to be whole.

Poem – 35

The Unknown That Cannot Be Measured

The mind lives in measurement—
weighing, comparing, calculating,
seeking security in the known.

It measures success and failure,
virtue and sin,
past and future,
the self and the other.

In this endless measurement,
truth is reduced,
life is fragmented,
the sacred is lost.

But the unknown
cannot be touched by measurement.
It has no name,
no dimension,
no boundary.

The known is born of thought;
the unknown is beyond thought.

It is not reached through time,
nor approached by desire,
nor contained by experience.

The unknown is not to be sought,
but revealed
when the known comes to an end.

When the mind is utterly still,
free of its accumulations,
free of its projections,
free of its fears,
the unknown whispers.

It is not an experience,
for experience belongs to the experiencer,
and the experiencer is the past.

The unknown is the immeasurable—
the sacred that simply is,

beyond word,
beyond form,
beyond becoming.

In its presence,
there is great beauty,
great love,
and a freedom beyond time.

Poem – 36

The Ending of Becoming

The mind forever moves—
seeking, striving, reaching.

Always becoming:

“I will be,”

“I must achieve,”

“I shall arrive.”

This movement is the thread of time,
the burden of the self,
the root of conflict and sorrow.

Becoming is comparison,
it is measurement,
it is the endless pursuit
of what is not.

As long as becoming exists,
there is division:
the one who desires,

and the thing desired;
the seeker and the goal.

But can the mind see,
in a single clear moment,
that all becoming is illusion?
That what is sought
is the projection of what has been?

When the futility of becoming is fully seen,
not as an idea,
but as truth,
the movement ceases.

In that cessation,
there is neither failure nor success,
neither gain nor loss.

There is only what is—
complete, whole, sufficient.

In the ending of becoming,
there is great stillness.

In that stillness,
there is freedom—
not created,
but simply present.

And in that freedom,
the sacred breathes,
beyond all effort,
beyond all time.

Is not this whole idea of progress born out of discontent and measurement? You want to become something other than what you are. You say, 'I am not this, but I will be that.' This movement from 'what is' to 'what should be' is the very root of conflict.

We think becoming is evolution, growth. But psychological becoming—'I will be enlightened,' 'I will conquer anger,' 'I will be somebody'—is based on time and desire. Time may be necessary in the technological world, but inwardly, psychologically, time is the invention of thought. And thought is always old.

When you seek to become something, you are not seeing what is. You are escaping from the fact of yourself.

A mind that is trying to become is never still. It is always comparing, always measuring, always dissatisfied. But true transformation is not in becoming—it is in seeing.

When you see the false as false, that very seeing is the ending of the false. That is intelligence. That is clarity. That is freedom.

So, the idea that without becoming there is no progress is utterly false. It is a trick of thought to keep itself going.

There is no progress in truth. There is only perception of what is. And in that perception, there is action, love, and the ending of conflict.

Poem – 37

The Sacred Without Name

The sacred is not found
in temples, in rituals,
in images crafted by the hand of man.

It is not contained in words,
nor in the repetition of prayers,
nor in the beliefs handed down by tradition.

The mind seeks to name it,
to hold it,
to make it secure.

But that which is sacred
cannot be captured by thought,
for thought is time,
and the sacred is timeless.

It is not something to be reached,
nor something to be attained.

It is not a reward for virtue,
nor the end of long practice.

The sacred is present
when the self is absent.
When the mind is utterly still,
free of its search,
free of its becoming,
free of its fears.

In that profound silence,
without centre,
without measure,
the sacred reveals itself—
uninvited, effortless, whole.

It is without form,
without boundary,
without name.

To see it
is to be one with it—
not as an experiencer,

but as pure being.

In that immeasurable vastness,

there is love,

there is beauty,

there is truth—

beyond thought,

beyond time.

Poem – 38

The Final Silence

There is a silence
not born of control,
not shaped by discipline,
not constructed by thought.

It is not the silence of withdrawal,
nor the quiet of isolation,
nor the stillness manufactured by effort.

The final silence
is the complete ending
of becoming,
of desire,
of fear,
of time.

When the mind sees
the futility of its own movement —
its endless seeking,

its endless grasping —
there is no longer a seeker.

In that seeing,
all resistance falls away.

What remains
is not emptiness in the sense of absence,
but a vast, living stillness—
whole, immeasurable, untouched.

There is no observer there,
no experiencer to claim it,
no thought to measure it.

The final silence is not an achievement;
it is the ending of all accumulation.

In that silence,
there is no division between the observer and the observed,
between life and death,
between the known and the unknown.

There is only the sacred,
without name,
without form,
without beginning or end.

It is the silence in which all things are held,
and in which truth simply is.

Poem – 39

The Timeless Flame

There is a flame
that does not burn with fuel,
that asks for nothing,
that depends on no cause.

It is not kindled by knowledge,
nor fed by belief,
nor sheltered by tradition.

It is the flame of pure awareness—
untouched by time,
unmoved by thought,
free of all becoming.

The mind, restless in its search,
cannot approach it.
Desire cannot summon it;
effort cannot hold it.

But when the search ends,
when becoming dissolves,
when the self is no more,
the flame is.

It is the living presence
that illuminates all things
without judgment,
without separation.

It lights the leaf,
the sky,
the tear,
the smile,
the death and the birth—
each equally sacred,
each equally whole.

The timeless flame is not of the mind.
It is not within time,
nor outside of it.

It simply is—
eternal, immeasurable,
the sacred essence of all existence.
To abide in that flame
is to know love without object,
peace without opposite,
truth without word.

In that timelessness,
life is complete.

Poem – 40

The Cessation of the Known

The known is the field of memory,
the accumulation of experience,
the weight of yesterday
projected into today and tomorrow.

It shapes thought,
creates identity,
and builds the image of the self—
the ‘me’ that carries its past endlessly forward.

The known offers comfort,
yet it binds the mind in repetition,
in habit,
in sorrow.

In its movement,
the mind clings to what was
and fears what may come.
It resists the unknown,

and in that resistance,
conflict is born.

But truth does not live in the known.
It is not a conclusion,
nor the product of accumulated knowledge.

When the mind sees the limits of the known—
clearly, completely,
without escape,
without the urge to hold—
there is a quiet ending.

The known ceases.

Not through effort,
not through suppression,
but through simple, choiceless awareness.

In the cessation of the known,
the mind is empty—
yet fully alive.
Silent—

yet profoundly awake.

It is in that emptiness
that the sacred breathes.

It is in that emptiness
that life reveals its vast, immeasurable beauty.

There, truth is—
unbound,
whole,
eternal.

Poem – 41

The Whole Is the Sacred

The mind divides:

this and that,

self and other,

light and shadow,

birth and death.

In this fragmentation,

sorrow takes root,

conflict persists,

fear is born.

But life is not divided.

The tree, the sky, the flowing river,

the bird in flight, the silence of evening—

all move together

as one indivisible movement.

Wholeness is not a conclusion,

not an idea held by thought,

not a distant goal to be attained.

Wholeness simply is—

ever-present,

unbroken,

immeasurable.

When the mind,

seeing the futility of division,

becomes completely still,

there remains only the whole.

In that wholeness,

there is no observer,

no experiencer,

no centre.

There is only life—

silent, vast, sacred.

The whole is the sacred.

Not apart from you,

nor separate from existence.

It is here—
in the breath,
in the leaf,
in the vast emptiness of now.

To see it
is to end conflict.
To live it
is to know love beyond all measure.

Poem – 42

The Birth of Jealousy

The neighbour prospers,
the one who was once a servant now earns more, you find
yourself losing everything
in the blind pursuit of having more and more.
A relative advance—
and quietly,
the ache of jealousy stirs.

It is not the fact
that wounds the mind,
but the inattentive mind that whispers:
“I have less.
They have more.”

Thought, whose nature is comparison,
divides—
feeding the image of self,
strengthening the urge to become.

From this division,
jealousy takes root—
born of inattention,
of a mind not fully awake.

But when the mind is alert,
fully present,
without the intrusion of thought,
the fact is simply seen.

There is no interference of thought
in choiceless observation,
and jealousy does not arise.

In that awareness,
there is great beauty,
a silence untouched by jealousy.

Poem – 43

The Beauty Beyond Thought

Life is beautiful—
not as an idea,
not as a theory,
but truly,
in its very being.

The laughter of children,
the song of birds,
the movement of clouds,
the stillness of the evening—
all breathe quietly,
asking nothing.

It is there for the one who sees,
not through the screen of thought,
but through direct perception.

The problem begins
when thought intervenes.

It measures, compares, judges—

“I want more,”

“I may lose,”

“This is mine, that is yours.”

In this intrusion,

life’s beauty is veiled,

and conflict is born.

But when observation is pure,

when there is seeing without the interference of thought,

life reveals its simple, extraordinary grace.

There is nothing to seek,

nothing to attain—

only to see what is.

And in that seeing,

there is beauty beyond all measure,

a joy untouched by desire,

a freedom that simply is.

Poem - 44

The Weight of Ideas

Why is my mind
caught in ideas?
Is it because for centuries
we were taught
that the idea is sacred—
the ideal more valuable
than the fact?

The sages,
the philosophers,
the architects of thought—
they gave us images of the good,
concepts of God,
visions of a perfect world.

Aristotle dreamed of order.
Others followed with systems,
with blueprints,
with scriptures.

And so the mind,
conditioned by millennia,
clings to ideas
as if they were real.

But the actuality is simple—
I want security.
I fear its absence.
I am afraid.

This fear is the fact.
But instead of meeting it directly,
the mind escapes into ideas:
what fear means,
how to overcome it,
what others say about it.

Why?
Because ideas are safer than facts.
Thought can control ideas,
but the fact is fire—
immediate, burning, real.

To live with the fact
requires a mind that does not flee.
A mind that does not invent
a single image.

Then there is no gap
between the observer and the observed.
Only fear—
not your fear or mine—
but the flame of fear itself.

And in the complete attention
to that flame, there is no me with fear,
it ends.

Poem – 45

When Thought Is Silent

When psychological thought
comes to rest—
when the movement of becoming
comes to an end—
life reveals itself
as it is:
simple, whole, unbroken.

In that stillness,
there is no sorrow,
for sorrow is the shadow
of memory clinging to the past.

There is no fear,
for fear is the projection
of what might be—
woven by thought
out of time.

When thought is quiet,
not suppressed,
not controlled,
but naturally still—
then beauty flowers.

Not the beauty of form or face,
but the beauty of a mind
that sees without distortion.

A tree, a child's laughter,
the play of light on water—
everything speaks,
everything breathes.

And in that space
where thought does not intrude,
there is love—
not as emotion or attachment,
but as the presence of the sacred.

Life is beautiful
when there is no centre,

no image,
no becoming.
Only this—
this moment,
whole, complete,
without the need
to be anything.

Poem – 46

The Illusion of Order through Thought

The universe is in order—
not because it is organized by human intelligence,
but because it functions without contradiction.

The planets move without conflict,
the tree grows without ambition,
the bird flies without becoming something else.

There is no disorder in nature
unless the human mind interferes.
That order is not static—it is dynamic, flowing,
but never in opposition to itself.

Now observe the mind.
It lives in thought—
and thought, by its very nature,
is fragmented.

Thought separates.
It says: “This is mine, that is yours.”

It creates nations, religions, ideologies.
It divides the world into categories:
right and wrong, success and failure,
believer and non-believer, me and not-me.

Where there is division,
there is conflict.
And where there is conflict,
there can be no order.

Thought tries to impose order—
through control, through belief, through systems—
but this is not real order.
It is only a mask over the inner confusion.

True order is not the product of thought.
It arises only when thought sees its own limitation,
and in that seeing, becomes quiet.

When the mind is no longer driven
by fear, desire, ambition—
when there is no centre, no self to defend or assert—
there is silence.

In that silence,
a different kind of order flowers—
an order that is not imposed,
but is as natural,
as effortless,
as the unfolding of a leaf in spring.

This order is the order of the universe.
And in that,
there is no conflict,
no becoming,
no disorder.

Poem – 47

The Universe Is in Meditation

The universe is in meditation.
Not the meditation of man—
with its effort, method, or repetition—
but a vast, silent movement
without centre, without motive.

The stars do not strive to shine.
The ocean does not will itself to rise and fall.
The tree does not become;
it simply unfolds.

This is meditation—
a state of pure being,
where there is no becoming,
no resistance,
no desire to change what is.

The universe is not distracted.
It is not torn between what should be

and what is.

It does not compare one moment to the next.

It is wholly present—

in the falling leaf,

in the movement of clouds,

in the stillness between two waves.

This presence is meditation.

Not a thing to be achieved,

but the natural state

when there is no interference of thought.

But the human mind,

burdened by memory,

conditioned by time,

is forever escaping—

through ambition, belief, sorrow, and hope.

We ask, “How to meditate?”

But meditation begins

when the question ends—

when the mind, seeing the futility of its own noise,

falls silent without force.
Then there is no observer,
no one watching the stars—
only that vastness,
that stillness,
which is the universe in meditation.

And in that stillness,
you are not separate from it.
You are that stillness—
that immeasurable silence
in which life breathes without fragmentation.

Poem – 48

Fundamental Nature of Life

It is the very nature of life
to be free—
free from psychological thought,
free from the illusion of the “me”
that clings, compares, becomes.

This freedom
is not something added to existence.
It is the ground of being—
present before thought ever arose.

Sorrow is born
when thought identifies,
when the “I” takes root
in memory and desire.

Fear grows
when time enters the heart,
when the mind moves away
from what is.
The nature of life is pure awareness—

a still flame
that sees without separation—
in which there is no sorrow,
no fear,
no centre from which to suffer.

This awareness
is not cultivated,
not practiced,
not achieved through discipline.
It simply is—
when the mind ceases
to become anything.

The timeless flows
not beyond thought,
but in the absence
of psychological time.

And where the “me” is not,
life is.
Whole,
unbroken,
sacred.

Poem – 49

The Question of the Self

The world is divided—
not by borders or beliefs,
but by the shadow of the self.

The self against the world,
the self against the friend,
the self against the one it says it loves.

It builds its walls of thought,
names them identity, pride,
and defends them as truth.

It whispers,
“I must survive, I must become.”
And so begins the war,
not just outside,
but in the heart.

It is this self—
fragmented, fearful, desiring—
that asks:
What would the world be without me?
Without my opinions, my ambitions, my continuity?

But the question itself
comes from the very thing
that must end.

Do not ask
what the world would be
without the self.

Instead,
see if you can live
without it—
not tomorrow,
but now.

Live without the image,
without the centre,
without becoming.

And in that seeing,
in that ending,
you will discover
a different world—
not born of imagination,
but of truth.

Where relationship is whole,
where love is not bound by thought,
and where silence
is not the absence of noise
but the presence of the sacred.

Poem – 50

To Be Free of Fear — Entirely

I do not want to live with fear—
not the fear of poverty,
not the fear of what others think,
not even the subtle fear of being nobody.

I do not want fear in any corner of my being—
not fear of death,
not fear of the future,
not fear of losing what I have,
not even the fear of having nothing at all.

This is not a casual wish.
It is a deep, burning demand:
to be free from fear—completely.
Not from this or that fear,
but from the very root of fear.

And so I begin to inquire,
not by running away from fear,

not by suppressing it,
not by explaining it away through words,
but by watching it,
as one watches a wild flame in silence.

I see that fear is always related to the self—
the “me” that has something to lose,
something to protect,
something to become.

And I see that this self
is a movement of thought—
a structure born of memory,
of past experiences,
of accumulated images.

Thought projects the past into the future,
saying, “What will happen to me?”
Thought imagines, compares, anticipates—
and in that movement, fear is born.

So long as thought operates in the field of the self,
fear is inevitable.

But I do not want to escape into explanations.

I want to see it all—now.

To observe fear,
without naming it,
without resisting it,
without wishing it were gone—
is to be in direct contact with it.

And in that direct contact,
without the observer standing apart,
something extraordinary happens:
there is no longer “me” and “my fear”—
there is only fear,
and even that begins to dissolve
in the light of total attention.

In that attention,
fear ends.

Not because it is conquered,
but because the mind is no longer running from it,
no longer dividing itself from what is
And from that ending,

a new mind is born—
a mind that is truly free.
Free not only from fear,
but from the very movement of becoming.

This is not a theory,
not a method,
but a fact one must see for oneself—
in the mirror of what is.

Poem – 51

The Illusion of Identity

You say,
“I am afraid to lose my identity.”
But what is this identity
you cling to so desperately?

A name given by others,
a nationality drawn by borders,
a bundle of memories,
traits, habits, and reactions—
all wrapped in time.

Is that what you fear to lose?
A collection of labels,
a movement of thought,
a story told in fragments?

And yet you must lose all that,
not through effort,
not through denial,

but by seeing its falseness.

For when you say,

“This is my identity,”

you set yourself apart—

and so begins the division,

the conflict,

the endless struggle

of one against another.

Where there is identity,

there is isolation.

Where there is isolation,

there is fear.

And where there is fear,

love cannot be.

Meditation

is not the search for a greater identity,

a higher self,

a nobler image.

Meditation is the quiet seeing

of the mind that invents,

supposes,
compares,
and becomes.

It is the stillness
in which the mind stops running,
where time has no place,
and the self fades
like mist in the morning sun.

In that stillness,
there is no identity,
no battle,
no becoming—
only the vastness of what is,
untouched,
sacred,
whole.

Poem – 52

The Ending Is Inevitable

I am life—
not apart from it,
not separate from the tree, the sky, the river,
but life itself, flowing briefly
as this fragment called “me.”

This piece of life has an ending.
It is inevitable.
Whether through illness,
accident,
or the slow fading of age—
it must come to a close.

So, in this narrow window between birth and death,
what is it that we are doing?

Why do we not live truly—
not as masks,
not as roles,

but as we are—
in simple choiceless awareness?

Why do we not live without separation,
without the illusion of being isolated selves,
cut off from the whole?

Instead, we live in division.

“My sorrow,”

“your success,”

“my ambition,”

“your failure”—

as though the river of life is broken
into fragments.

But this division is the lie of thought.

The “individual”—

so cherished, defended, worshipped—
is an illusion.

It is thought that says,

“This is me,”

and in that image,

it creates the prison.

Thought identifies, compares,
seeks to become—
and from that movement,
conflict is born.

Fear arises

because we try to protect the image,
cling to what must inevitably end.

But if you begin to observe—

not from memory,
not from judgment,
not from desire—
but in stillness,
in complete attention—
you will see:
the self is not real.

There is only life—

one vast movement,
unbroken and sacred.

And in that seeing,
the self dissolves.
Not in theory,
but in fact.

To live without the “me”
is to live without resistance,
without fear,
without the burden of becoming.

And in that living,
there is great beauty—
a beauty untouched by time,
by sorrow,
by death.

The ending of the self
is not loss,
but liberation.

The end of the illusion
is the beginning of truth.

Poem – 53

The Intelligence of Wholeness

Yes,
money is needed—
to clothe, to feed, to shelter this body.
But must survival
come at the cost of another's suffering?

Must I harm, deceive,
or destroy another life
to preserve my own?

If I kill to survive,
then another will kill me
for the same reason.
And so, begins the endless cycle—
of fear, of retaliation, of sorrow.

So, what is right action in this world?

It is not written in law books,
nor dictated by tradition,

nor discovered in the clever calculations of the self.

**Right action is born
only in choiceless awareness—
where the self is absent,
and perception is whole.**

**Justice does not lie in judgment.
It is not found in reward or punishment.
It blooms only when there is no “me” and “you,”
no superior, no inferior—
only the undivided fact.**

To live harmoniously
is to see clearly—
to observe without resistance,
without desire,
without comparison.

In that seeing,
intelligence flowers—
not the intellect of thought,
but the intelligence of the whole.
It is sacred.

It does not belong to the brain,
or to the mind that seeks gain.

It moves on its own—
guiding you without motive,
carrying you where it will.

Then it does not matter
whether you are a gardener,
a cook,
a surgeon,
or a street-sweeper.

What matters is not the function,
but the freedom from the self
in action.

In that freedom,
there is peace.
And in that peace,
there is love—
not for the many,
not for the few,
but love without centre.

Poem – 54

The Silence That Is Love

Silence is not the mere absence of sound.
It is not the product of discipline,
nor the forced stillness between two thoughts.
It is the silence that comes
when the mind is completely empty of the “me”—
empty of striving, of becoming, of seeking.

This silence is not cultivated;
it is not achieved through effort.
It comes uninvited
when thought, recognizing its own limits,
naturally subsides.

And in that silence,
there is a quality—a fragrance—
that cannot be manufactured by the mind.
It is the presence of something sacred,
immeasurable,
without name.

The quality of that silence is love—
not the love of attachment or sentiment,
not the love that depends on another,
but love without condition,
without centre,
without cause.

**It is love that does not divide,
that does not ask,
that does not withhold.**

**It is like the sun—
shining upon all things
without preference.**

**And this love
is inseparable from intelligence—
not the intelligence of thought and knowledge,
but a compassionate intelligence
that sees directly, wholly, instantly.**

In that seeing,
there is no conflict,
no hesitation.

Action arises out of clarity,
not out of fear or desire.

This is the true order of life—
not imposed by society or system,
but born of silence,
rooted in the timeless.

The mind that lives in this silence
is neither withdrawn nor indifferent.
It is alive, alert,
and profoundly gentle.

To touch this silence
is to touch the essence of life itself.

Poem – 55

The Seeing of Ambition

If I do not understand ambition,
I may renounce it in word,
but quietly,
it will grow in the shadow.

I may condemn it,
cover it in spiritual language,
call it “service,”
“Purpose,”
“duty”—
but it will still act in the dark,
shaping my thoughts,
my actions,
my self-image.

To deny ambition blindly
is to wither,
to vegetate,
to sink into dull routines,

still secretly driven by comparison,
still seeking to become something.

But to see ambition—
not condemn it,
not justify it,
not turn it into a noble ideal—
but to see it,
clearly,
directly,
as one sees a fire burn—

That very seeing
is energy.

To see the structure of ambition—
the endless ladder of “becoming,”
the fear of not being enough,
the pleasure of success,
the pain of failure—
to see it without flinching
to see it without thought
is to dissolve its power.

In that seeing,
there is no judgment,
no resistance.

Only a light,
silent,
penetrating.

And that light
frees the mind.

To say “I am a liar,”
to say “I am confused,”
not as a conclusion,
but as a fact—
not to escape from it,
not to decorate it,
but to hold it in full attention—
that is the ending of conflict.

Out of that ending
comes vitality—
not the energy to strive,
to conquer,

to arrive—
but the energy of presence,
of clarity,
of truth.

When ambition ends,
creativity begins.

Not the creativity of achievement,
but the creativity of living—
fresh, unburdened,
without motive.

And in that,
there is great beauty.

Poem – 56

The Sacred Beyond the Name

God—

not a person,

not a figure shaped by fear or hope,

not a noun fixed in thought,

but the immensity

that no word can hold.

Not “he,”

not “she,”

not separate from what you are—

but the wholeness of being,

the ground of existence itself.

You cannot find the sacred

through belief,

through ritual,

through the narrow corridors of tradition.

You cannot measure the immeasurable

with the tape of thought.

When you say,
“God is this,”
you have already divided yourself
from that which is whole.

The sacred is not an image.
It is not in the temple,
in the book,
in the priest,
or in the seeker who kneels.

It is the timeless flame
that burns quietly
in pure awareness—
when the mind is utterly still,
free from becoming,
free from identification.

In that silence,
there is no observer,
no experiencer—
only the light that sees.

Then the “I” is not,
and in that absence,
there is no distance
between what is and what has always been.

**The sacred is the verb,
not the noun.
It is creation in motion,
the living energy of the now—
not a fixed idea,
not an object to be worshipped,
but the ever-unfolding wholeness
of cosmos itself.**

And when there is no self,
no centre,
no name—
that sacredness is seen,
not as separate,
but as what you are.

This is not the God of belief,
but the flame of pure seeing—

the truth that needs no follower,
no defender,
no temple.

It is here,
now—
in the quiet between thoughts,
in the stillness untouched by time.

Poem – 57

The Silence After the Fall

The sky was blue.
The wind moved without malice.
And yet, the great machine fell—
splintering into fire,
tearing lives from time.

No warning.
No goodbyes.
Only the sudden end
of breath, of memory,
of all that was held as precious.

Hundreds gone.
Mothers. Children. Lovers. Strangers.
Some waiting to arrive,
others simply passing by.

The mind trembles before such loss.
It asks, Why?
But the answer does not heal.
It never has.

We have filled the world
with explanations,
and yet sorrow walks with us—
ancient, patient, familiar.

Can we look at death,
not in fear,
not in hope for another world,
but as it is—
a flame that ends the known?

We do not want to die.
Not only the body—
but the name, the image, the past.
We want continuity,
even if it brings pain.

But life, untouched by thought,
moves differently.
It does not consult your dreams.
It flows, it ends, it begins—
without asking.
To live with that fact,
not run from it,

is to live with great beauty.

For death is not cruelty.

It is truth.

And when you see the truth

without flinching,

there is no fear.

To die each day to yourself—

to ambition, to grievance, to the image—

is the beginning of compassion.

Out of that dying,

a strange stillness blooms.

Not the stillness of escape,

but the stillness of perception—

deep, motionless, sacred.

The one who died yesterday

is not apart from you.

They were your brother,

your child,

yourself.

In the suddenness of their end
lies a message without words:

Live without delay.

See without resistance.

Let go without sorrow.

And in that letting go,
you will meet death—
not at the end of your days,
but in the ending of each moment.

There,
where the self is not,
a light shines—
not of the sun,
not of the stars—
but of life itself.
It is not yours.
It is not mine.
It simply is.

Poem – 58

Live Without Delay

Do not wait
for the perfect day,
the kind word,
the quiet hour.

Truth is not tomorrow's promise—
it is now,
in the rustle of leaves,
in the breath you scarcely notice.

We postpone love,
we delay understanding,
we defer the ending of fear—
as though time were our ally,
as though clarity needs preparation.

But truth asks for no time.
It appears in the flame of seeing,
in the quiet moment

when the self is not.

You say:

“I will forgive later...”

“I will observe when I have time...”

“I will live fully—soon.”

But the river flows now.

Not in your memories,
not in your plans.

Live without delay.

Not in the frenzy of doing,
but in the stillness of being—
where perception is whole,
and love is not a thought.

To live without delay
is to look, now—
at fear, at sorrow,
at joy, at beauty—
without naming,
without running,
without choosing.

And in that looking,
there is no tomorrow,
only this moment
filled with life,
unmeasured, sacred.

Poem – 59

The Map and the Blood

They draw lines on maps,
give them names—
nations, borders, histories carved by thought.
And from these lines,
comes blood.

One man speaks of power.
Another, of protection.
Each waving a flag soaked in centuries
of fear, memory, and identity.

But the earth does not know Russia,
nor Ukraine.
It knows only sky, wind, rain,
and the roots that do not war.

It is thought—
dividing, naming, comparing—
that creates the enemy

and then kills in the name of peace.

What meaning is there

in this brutal repetition?

Children buried beneath rubble,

mothers weeping over maps.

And still we say—

“This is just.”

“This is necessary.”

“This is the price.”

But truth does not speak

in slogans or vengeance.

It whispers:

Where there is division,

there will be conflict.

The enemy is not out there.

It is the “me” that separates—

the self that clings to its past,

its nation, its wound.

Until the mind sees
that the root of war
is in the structure of the self—
there will be no peace.

And when that seeing is clear,
when the illusion of separation ends—
there is no Russian,
no Ukrainian,
no division at all.

There is only life—
fragile, whole,
sacred.

Poem – 60

The Holy War

They speak of God
with fire in their eyes
and weapons in their hands.

They kneel,
they chant,
they bow to different names—
then rise to kill in their defence.

But can Truth ever belong to you,
or me,
or any book bound in time?

Can the sacred be captured
by a word,
a temple,
a flag?

**The Hindu, the Muslim, the Christian,
the Jew—
each claims their path is the only light.
But light has no path.
It simply shines.**

The mind, conditioned by centuries,
believes.
And that belief,
that certainty,
is the seed of war.

You believe,
I believe—
and between us,
a river of blood.

Do you not see?
Where there is belief,
there is division.
And where there is division,
conflict is inevitable.

The truly religious mind
has no belief,
no authority,
no ritual.

It is still,
empty of self,
and therefore full of love.

To see this is to end the war—
not out there,
but in oneself.

When the “me” ends,
so does the need to defend it.

And in that ending,
a great silence.

In that silence,
the sacred is.

Poem – 61

The Illusion of the Thinker

The root of all conflict,
the seed of all sorrow,
lies hidden
in a subtle division—
the thinker and the thought.

The thinker says,
“I must control,
I must understand,
I must become.”

But is he not
the very movement
of thought itself?

Thought carves out
the image of the “I”,
the watcher,
the judge,
the one who separates

himself from what is seen.

This division
is the beginning of contradiction,
the war within,
the maker of time.

And time—
that vast illusion—
breeds fear.

When you observe,
not with choice,
not with the eyes of habit,
but with attention so still,
you will see—

The thinker is not
apart from thought.
He is thought,
wearing a mask of control.

Thought births the thinker,
and then the thinker turns back

to rule over thought —
a circle,
a mirage

there is no controller
without the thing controlled
there is no thinker
without thought

In that choiceless seeing,
the whole illusion
dissolves like mist.

There is no experiencer
apart from experience,
no observer
apart from the observed.

Where this truth is seen,
fear ends.
Time ceases.
And that choiceless seeing,
is the beginning
of silence.

Poem – 62

Dying Is Living

To live in peace
is to die each day—
not in the body,
but in the mind
that clings to the known.

To die
is to drop the weight
of yesterday's memories,
to let go of the scars,
the images,
the names we gave to hurt.

We live in shadows—
in stories,
in identities
built by thought,
and we call it life.

But where the known ends,
the new begins.
And in that ending,
is the flowering
of freedom.

This death is not sorrow,
it is not an escape.
It is the ending
of the “me,”
the time-bound centre
that measures, compares, becomes.

Dying is living—
for only in dying
can the mind be fresh,
untouched by habit,
unburdened by fear.

In that dying,
there is no conflict,
no past to defend,
no future to reach.

There is only the now—
timeless,
vast,
and whole.

And in that now,
where thought is silent,
life is.

Alive,
aware,
and sacred.

Poem – 63

The Denial Without Escape

I am in contradiction—
what I am,
and what I think I should be.

This split,
this tearing between the fact and the ideal,
breeds the ache of conflict.

And so, I run.

Into beliefs,
into distractions,
into dreams shaped by thought.

The mind whispers,
“Escape—
this moment is too sharp,
too bare for the self to endure.

But can I look—
just look—

without flinching?

Can I see the movement of escape,
not suppress it,
not replace it,
but see its futility
without motive?

Not because a teacher said so,
not because truth awaits
as a reward—

But simply because I see
that escape is a trick of the mind,
a shadow that only deepens the darkness.

To see is to end it.

Not slowly,
not through effort,
but instantly,
like a flame snuffed by wind.
When the fact is seen
without resistance,
without desire,
without the need to change it—

Escape dies,
and what remains
is silence.

In that silence,
fear may appear,
sorrow may stir,
but the mind does not flee.

It watches—
not from a distance,
but as the thing itself.

And in that total attention,
the observer is gone,
and with him,
the need to escape.

This is freedom.

Not a goal,
but the flame
of choiceless awareness.

Poem – 64

Not Special, But sacred:

Life is not something extraordinary
in the vastness of the cosmos.
It is made of the same elements—
atoms, molecules, motion—
as the stone, the tree, or the distant star.

This body,
with its digestive, excretory, reproductive systems,
is part of nature—
not above it, not below it—
but moving with it, as it.

Yet thought intervenes:
“Life is special. Life must have meaning.”
And in that very assertion,
it divides life from the whole.

Thought demands purpose,
and so, it invents ideals—

to worship, to chase,
to protect what is imagined to be sacred.

But life is.

It is the fact-
a breath, a step, a flame of choiceless awareness.
Not more, not less.
No meaning outside of what is.

To see this—
without the noise of thought,
without naming, comparing, becoming—
is to meet life directly,
as it unfolds, whole and unbroken.

The sacred is not in life as imagined.
It is in the stillness
that sees without separation.
It is in awareness—
choiceless, silent, alive.

In that space,
there is no “me” to be important,

no story to be fulfilled.
Only the undivided flow
of what is—
immeasurable, sacred.

Life, when not fragmented by thought,
reveals itself as whole, vast, and sacred.
In the light of choiceless awareness,
life is not separate from the source—
it is Brahman itself, undivided and immeasurable.

To meet life without resistance, without interpretation,
is to encounter its true beauty.
And in that encounter, there is joy—
not personal, but timeless.

We often say, “Life is special,” but rarely do we inquire into what that word ‘special’ implies. Is it not thought that assigns meaning to life? And in doing so, separates it from the rest of existence?

Yet life—this movement of breath, sensation, perception—is made of the same atoms that swirl in stars and stones. The body, with all its systems, is not elevated above nature; it is nature. And to see this without comparison, without trying to find a superior position for the “me,” is to come into contact with life as it is—directly, purely.

Choiceless awareness is not a concept, but the living quality of a mind that watches without interference. And in that watching, something sacred reveals itself—not because we call it so, but because it simply is.

Poem – 65

You Are Nothing

You are nothing —
not a shadow of thought's weaving,
not a whisper of yesterday's echo.

Over this vast silence,
thought has painted your portrait:
a name, a face, a story,
an endless becoming.

Yet beneath that fragile scaffolding
lies a boundless emptiness,
a sky without borders,
a quiet beyond all noise.

You are nothing —
a leaf in the morning light,
a wave dissolving into the sea,
a bird's cry vanishing into the blue.

In this nothingness,
there is no striving,
no gathering of virtues,
no claim of “I.”

Only a flame of awareness,
burning moment to moment,
without smoke, without residue,
without a centre to hold.

You are nothing —
and in that nothingness
flows the whole river of life,
unnamed, untouched, sacred.

Poem – 66

I Held the Flesh of War

When I worked as a surgeon
in that land scorched by time—
between Iran and Iraq,
where the sky wept fire for ten long years—
I did not read of war.
I touched it.

Not in headlines,
not in political debates,
but in the trembling breath
of the wounded before me.

I held limbs torn by steel,
eyes clouded by shock,
bodies of boys not yet men—
sculpted by death's careless hand.

They did not fight for truth.
They did not kill for love.
They died

for an idea—
a word whispered by thought
and echoed in the chambers of the powerful.

And there I stood,
scalpel in hand,
not as a saviour,
but as a witness.

I saw the madness
not just in the battlefield,
but in the mind—
the same mind that says:
“I am this, you are that.”
The divider.
The identifier.
The root of all war.

Each patient was a mirror—
not a soldier, not a stranger—
but humanity bleeding from its own illusion.

And in the operation theatre,
where silence screamed louder than bombs,

I asked:

What is this self

that claims, that conquers, that kills?

Is this self real?

Or is it thought's shadow,

born of memory,

nurtured by fear?

One day,

a boy with half a face

grasped my wrist with his only hand.

He did not speak.

He only looked.

And in that look—

I saw no enemy.

I saw no nation.

I saw only the ache of life

begging not to be divided.

What can healing mean

in a world sick with separation?

You may call this war religious,
political, national—
but strip the banners,
burn the flags,
silence the chants—
and you find one thing beneath it all:
the self.

This image we worship,
this “me” we defend,
this illusion
we kill and die for.

I came to see
that peace is not stitched by sutures,
not signed in accords,
not reached through victory.

Peace begins where the self ends.

And so,
though I closed wounds with thread,
I knew the deeper wound
was in the mind—

a wound opened by comparison,
by belief,
by becoming.

Now, as I reflect,
years later,
I do not remember medals,
or who won.
I remember the eyes
that asked silently:
“Why?”

And I know now,
with clarity:
Only in choiceless awareness,
where the mind sees without distortion,
without past, without future—
only there,
in that sacred stillness,
is there an ending to war.

Not in the world alone—
but in us.

Poem – 67

Life is Whole

Life is not my life or your life.

It is life—itself.

Undivided, unowned, beyond all measure.

It is existence moving in the vast stillness of choiceless awareness—

not shaped by name, belief, or boundary.

But somewhere along the movement of time,

a deviation arose—perhaps an error,

or a by-product in the evolution of the brain.

Psychological thought emerged—

not the thought needed to build a shelter or cook a meal,

but the thought that identifies, compares, remembers, and projects.

And with it, came the illusion of separation:

the “me” and the “you,”

the observer and the observed,

the experiencer and the experience.

Thought, being fragmentary,

divided the wholeness of life into compartments—

nationality, religion, caste, ambition, success, failure.

In this division, conflict was born.

And from conflict, suffering.

Krishnamurti pointed out again and again:

“Thought is never the whole; it is always partial.”

And when the partial tries to grasp the whole,
it brings disorder.

Thus, our world—built upon psychological thought—
is in perpetual confusion.

Now, to see this clearly—not as an idea, not as a theory,
but to actually perceive the fact—
is the beginning of transformation.

To see the false as the false,
to see the illusion of the separate self
not intellectually but directly,
without motive or resistance—
this seeing is the flame that burns away the old.

In that seeing, the brain undergoes a radical shift.
A biological mutation is possible—
not brought about by will, by effort, or time,

but through insight that is total and immediate.
This is the completion of human evolution:
not in more knowledge or power,
but in the ending of psychological becoming.

Then life is no longer a struggle,
but a movement in freedom.
A sacred dance with no centre.
No self, no other—
only the vast, timeless presence of what is.

Poem – 68

The Irreconcilable Divide

There is a whisper,
silent and ancient,
moving beyond time's tight embrace —
a call not born of craving,
not woven from ambition's restless thread,
but a pure flame,
seeking the unnameable,
the sacred without boundary.

We wander in a world of measure,
a world of clocks and codes,
where each heartbeat is weighed,
each breath calibrated,
each dream reduced to data.
We worship progress,
bow to the god of becoming,
yet our hearts remain barren,
our silence disturbed by ceaseless echoes.

Is there an inward technology?
Can love be engineered?
Can compassion be assembled
like circuits beneath trembling hands?
Can truth be approached
step by step, like a ladder of ambition,
while the mind drags the weight of the past?

No.

The sacred is beyond time's architecture,
beyond the corridors of thought.
Time is but memory's echo,
a ghost carrying the burden of what was,
projecting the promise of what might be.
When we pursue the timeless through time,
we chase our own shadow,
caught in an endless labyrinth
of becoming, never being.

Can these two streams —
the measured river of technology
and the silent sea of the timeless —
ever merge and flow together?
No reconciliation is possible,

for they breathe different air,
sing in different languages.
To see this fact,
not as an idea to analyse,
but as a truth to behold,
is to touch freedom's edge.

Then, there is a stillness —
a vast, open sky within,
where thought no longer schemes,
where no ideal whispers its deceit.
There, life unfolds in simplicity,
each moment shining as it is,
each leaf a miracle,
each breath a temple.

In that sacred space,
there is no “me” to perfect,
no future to conquer,
no path to follow.
There is only what is —
unmeasured, undivided,
a living flame beyond all time.

Poem – 69

Beyond the Image

Once, they called you success —
praised your skill, your wealth,
your rising sun that lit their admiring eyes.
You wore respect like a fine garment,
stitched from earnings and applause,
your name echoing in banquet halls
and quiet living rooms alike.

Now, the tide has turned.
Debts tower like silent judges,
investments turned to ashes,
and those same eyes that once bowed
now avert, whisper, measure.

You stand amidst the ruins of your image,
the once-bright statue now broken.
But pause, dear friend —
who is this “you” that grieves?
Is it the living flame of your being,
or a ghost stitched from society’s words?

We are taught to worship images:
the successful man, the noble figure,
the admired, the envied.
We polish this image daily,
believing we are it —
our essence mistaken for the painted mask.

When the image shatters, we say, “I have failed.”
When respect fades, we say, “I am nothing.”
But who told you that you were ever those coins,
those signatures, those numbers on a ledger?
Who convinced you that your worth
was chained to applause and gold?

The fact is simple, stark:
you are in debt — that is what is.
But the agony, the shame,
are born of thought’s restless comparisons,
the mind screaming, “I was once so high,
now I have fallen!”

Can you look at this without fleeing?
Without judgement or escape?
To see clearly is to end the war within,

to dissolve the noise of “what should be,”
to meet “what is” with a quiet, open heart.

You are not your bank account,
not your failed investments,
not the rusting crown of social praise.
All these are shadows,
impermanent as the morning dew.

When the mind ceases to cling,
when the image loses its power,
there flowers a strange richness —
an inner abundance untouched by time,
untouched by profit or loss.

From this inward freedom
comes a new energy:
to act without fear,
to meet the debt without guilt,
to face each day without the heavy chains
of past and future.

No longer a prisoner of admiration,
no longer the captive of comparison,

you become as the tree in the open field —
rooted in the earth,
unconcerned with who passes by,
whether they offer garlands or turn away.

In that simple being,
untouched by the dust of images,
there lies a sacred dignity,
a deep, unmeasured peace.

Poem – 70

The Quiet Work

You seek satisfaction
as a thirsty man seeks a mirage,
running across hot sands,
measuring each step against another's shadow.

From childhood you are taught:
“Become something,
climb higher, gather praise,
be more than who you are.”

In this endless chase
is born the seed of sorrow —
a mind that forever compares,
forever trembles at the edge of loss.

Can you work without the hunger for reward,
without weaving an identity from each task?
Can action flow as a clear stream,
moving without asking to be seen?
When the mind is free of the demand to become,
even simple acts carry a hidden fragrance —

the sweeping of a floor,
the turning of a page,
the stitching of a wound under trembling light.

Depression blooms in the soil of contradiction,
when the heart whispers one song,
and the hands perform another.
See this fracture without escape,
without naming it good or bad.

The true transformation is not in changing the field,
but in seeing the root —
the restless craving for more,
the mask of satisfaction stitched by thought.

When this is seen with a quiet, fearless eye,
work becomes simply living,
a dance of hands and mind,
untouched by the dust of ambition.

In that simplicity lies a gentle joy,
and in that joy, an unmeasured freedom —
a freedom that does not belong to becoming,
but to the silent flowering of being.

Echoes of Awareness — Series 3

Meditative Reflections on Choiceless Awareness

In these pages, Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru invites the reader into a profound journey beyond the known — a journey into the depths of perception where thought ceases to divide and the mind stands wholly still.

Drawing inspiration from the insights of Jiddu Krishnamurti, this series explores the ending of psychological time, the dissolution of the self, and the discovery of a sacred wholeness beyond all becoming.

In this space of choiceless awareness, there is no conflict, no measurement, no movement towards an ideal — only the pure presence of what is.

This is not a teaching or a method, but an invitation to observe deeply, to listen without motive, and to be — wholly, undividedly, and timelessly.